Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 14

THE REPUBLICAN.

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ELECTROCUTE MURDERERS IN NEW PRISON HERE

Expect Legislature Will Change Method of Execution.

$20,000 DEATH HOUSE

Propose Supplanting Hanging With More Modern System of Electricity—Would Have All Executions Performed at One Place.

Electrocution is made the legal form for inflicting the death penalty and all executions will take place in the new State penitentiary nearby Bellefonte, if what is known as the Hess bill receives the approval of the Legislature. The bill was reported from committee this week and is under consideration in the House. Electrocution has been proposed on a number of occasions, but previous Legislatures always voted it down. Now it is predicted in Harrisburg that the necessary legislation will go through.

Since being introduced in this Legislature the Hess bill has been in the hands of a sub-committee and thoroughly considered and revised by Warden John Francies, of the western penitentiary, and Warden Robert J. McKenty, of the eastern penitentiary. A comprehensive system for executions is provided for in the bill now before the Legislature. This provides electrocution for every "person, his aiders, abetters and counsellers hereafter convicted of the crime of murder in the first degree." The original bill provided for executions in the two present penitentiaries, but the amended bill confines it to the new, making an appropriation of $20,000 to construct the death house and installing apparatus. The provisions for electrocution are much as in other states and follow the present method of issuing death warrants, except that instead of the governor designating a day he will designate a week in which the execution is to take place. The warden or a deputy will execute.

The witnesses are to be limited to the warden, physician, six citizens, the spiritual adviser, not more than six daily newspaper representatives and the officers. The physician must perform the post mortem. The act will not apply to those now under sentence of death.

Alleged He was Robbed.

Harry Kline, the peddler, known everywhere in this section as "Raspberry", yesterday had a warrant issued for the arrest of Philip Iddings, of Bush Hollow, and Edward Long, of Snow Shoe Intersection, charging them with taking two satchels belonging to him and containing a quantity of articles such as napkins, tablecloths, handkerchiefs, etc. The loss of these articles has given "Raspberry" no end of grief, but at that he is more distressed over the fact that in one of the satchels was his peddler's license. Without his license he is unable to travel about offering goods for sale to thirfty housekeepers.

"Raspberry" claims that he was in Milesburg on Tuesday and that he came across Iddings and Long, who were driving toward Snow Shoe Intersection. He says that they agreed to haul him and his satchels if he would buy the cigars for the trio. This "Raspberry" gladly consented to do. As to just what happened after that "Raspberry" is not quite clear. He concluded that Iddings and Long had taken the satchels and he accordingly had a warrant issued.

Will Install Pastor.

After several years without a regular pastor, the old "Lick Run" Presbyterian church of Jacksonville has called Rev. Walter Fay Carson. Mr. Carson will be installed by a committee of Presbytery on Thursday, May 1, at 11 o'clock A. M., at Jacksonville. Rev. Samuel Martin, pastor at State College and Moderator of the Presbytery; Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, pastor at Bellefonte and Moderator of the session of "Lick Run," and Rev. Walter K. Harnish, pastor at Lemont, are expected to be present and conduct the installation.

Odd Fellowship 94th Anniversary.

Centre Lodge No. 153, I. O. O. F. have arranged for a special train to take them to and from Jersey Shore, Friday, April 24th. on the occasion of the celebration of the 94th, anniversary of Odd Fellowship. The train will leave Bellefonte via Central R. R. of Pa. at 7 a. m. and returning will leave Jersey Shore at 10.20 p. m. Fare for round trip $1.30. The public is cordially invited to accompany the lodge which will attend in a body.

PINE GROVE GRADUATES

Ferguson Township High School Has Interesting Commencement.

Interesting commencement exercises were held by the Ferguson Towhship High School at Pine Grove Mills on Friday evening of last week. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the town hall was thronged and many persons were compelled to stand. Deitrick's orchestra from Bellefonte furnished the music.

The program was opened with invocation by Rev. J. C. Chambers. The several members of the graduating class acquitted themselves with credit. Miss Margaret W. Glenn had the salutatory and Ernest M. Struble was valedictorian.

Professor M. S. McDowell, of The Pennsylvania State College, delivered a strong, vigorous address to the graduates, dwelling on the importance of beginning at the bottom of the ladder and working until the top is reached. He referred in glowing terms to the old Pine Grove Mills Academy and mentioned some of the students at that school who have since made their mark in the world.

MAY CALL CONVENTION

Republican State Chairman Wasson Says Delegates Will be Reconvened.

Republican State Chairman Wasson predicts that the Republican convention of last year will be reconvened to urge the passage by the Legislature of bills embodying platform pledges.

In the Senate at Harrisburg this week a number of bills backed by Chairman Wasson were virtually killed.

Embraced Catholic Faith.

The New York "Sun" on Friday of last week published an article of interest to quite a number of persons in Bellefonte, it being an announcement that Mrs. A. G. Paine, Jr., of New York, had embraced the Catholic faith. She is well known in Bellefonte, as Miss Maude Eustis Potts having resided here some years since in what is now the Dr. David Dale property on High Street. The New York "Sun" article follows:

"In a private chapel of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, in 142 street, between Convent and Amsterdam avenue, the Rev. B. W. Maturin this morning formally will receive into the Catholic church, Mrs. Augustus G. Paine, Jr., for many years a communicant of the Episcopal church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty-Sixth street.

"Mrs. Paine has attended the Church of the Transfiguration, the "Little Church Around the Corner," and also St. Luke's church, in Hudson street, a chapel of Trinity parish, although she counted herself a member of St. Mary the Virgin.

"She is the wife of a wealthy paper and wood pulp dealer, in business in No. 200 Fifth Avenue with his father, Augustus G. Paine of the Hotel Plaza, who is an officer and director in many industrial and financial corporations. The junior branch of the family live in No. 18 West Forty-ninth street.

"Mrs. Paine recently was interested in the Church Mission of Help.

"Her husband said yesterday the report of his wife's change of faith might be true, but that it was her own affair. Father McMahon refused to discuss the matter. The Rev. J. H. C. Barry, rector of St. Mary the Virgin church and former spiritual adviser of Mrs. Paine, admitted he had heard of her decision.

"I have a natural regret at the loss of Mrs. Paine from this parish and from our church," said Dr. Barry, "but I have no reason to be surprised at her step. The High Church party in the Episcopal church, a class in which Mrs. Paine may be included, is constantly exposed to severe criticism and to an implication of disloyalty to their communion. It is quite natural many persons beside Mrs Paine get tired of criticism of that kind.'

Important Game Ruling.

Attorney-General Bell at Harrisburg has given an opinion of unusual interest to the State Game Commission in which he holds that a man who is an accomplice in violation of the game laws cannot receive the share of the fine allowed to an informer. The case arose when a man named Stoll Jagger, living in an eastern county, who had violated the law relative to shipment of the game from the state, made information against himself and was fined. He then informed on his accomplices, who were fined in a similar amount. Claim was then made for the informer's share of the fines, but refused. It was found that had Jagger received the share ordinarily paid to informers he would have gone unpunished, receiving in the end the amount he paid on his own fine. This was held by the Attorney-General to be against public policy.

BELLEFONTE MAY LAND AUTOMOBILE FACTORY

Representative of Western Company Here Inspecting Sites.

SAID HE WAS PLEASED

Other Officials of Company Expected Here Early Next Week to Make Further Inspection—Would Employ Hundreds of Skilled Men.

There is a possibility—just a reasonably good chance—that an automobile manufacturing company, now located in the West, will be moved to Bellefonte. It may be that in the next few days there will be developments to give the project a more favorable turn. If so, and Bellefonte should land the industry, it would mean a factory here employing hundreds of skilled men. And this is exactly what Bellefonte wants and needs at the present time.

A representative of the automobile company which is seeking a new location visited Bellefonte on Monday and the matter was considered at a meeting of the Board of Trade. The name of the company in question was not disclosed. The only information regarding the identity of the company is that they manufacture a six-cylinder car, that the machine sells for $2250 and that the present location is adjacent to that of four or five other automobile manufacturing concerns. Supposedly this location is in Detroit, Michigan, but that guess may not be much better than any other. Labor conditions, particularly a scarcity of men, coupled with a desire to enlarge the plant, is the company's reason for seeking a new location.

Upward of twenty towns are under consideration by the company referred to. The gentleman who was here this week was impressed with the fact that representatives of the Bellefonte Board of Trade were sufficiently active to get into communication with him by long distance telephone. As a result of this he visited Bellefonte in advance of several other towns on his list. Once here and after a personal inspection of the several desirable manufacturing sites in this section he let it be known that one of the number, at least, would answer the purpose Early next week other officials of the company are expected to come to Bellefonte to look into matters. On what they have to say will hinge the decision as to the selection of Bellefonte in preference to the other towns seeking the industry.

The foregoing represents all the information we have on the subject at the present time. It is presented for what it is worth. As to how matters will shape themselves we have no opinion to offer. However, we voice the thought of the business men of Bellefonte in hoping that the industry will be located here.

Ohio Pensions Mothers.

The Ohio Legislature adopted a bill for the payment of pensions to dependent mothers to enable them to keep their children at home and care for them. An amendment to make the system optional with counties was rejected. Its operation will await the levying of a special tax of not more than one-half mill by the county commissioners.

Pensioning mothers is only one provision of a child code which was passed. Pensions of $15 a month for one child and $7 a month for each additional one will be given to women who are poor and who have lived in Ohio two years; to widows and to women whose husbands are physicially or mentally disabled or have deserted them for three years and who have sons under 15 and daughters under 16. These pensions are for six months, but they may be regranted on expiration.

The court must satisfy itself that the child is living with its mother, that without the pension the home would be broken up, that it is beneficial to the child to stay with its mother and after investigation that the home is a proper one.

The code is quite a motherly bill in other respects. It constitutes the State Board of Charities to supervise every place where children are cared for except a family home. It is given supervision of maternity hospitals and of all public and private institutions which receive and care for children.

Married at Boalsburg.

At the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg, on April 9th Mr. Thomas Hynes, of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. Lou D. Bell quietly married by Rev. S. C. Stover. They will be at home in Boalsburg, where Mrs. Hynes has a property.

MANY WERE CALLED— BUT FEW CAUGHT TROUT

Opening Day of Season Was Just About Like All The Rest

NOT MANY LARGE ONES

Couple Measured up to 20 Inches But Most Were Around 7—Streams Lined With Fisherman, Many of Whom Carried Home Empty Baskets.

The opening of trout season on Tuesday was just about the same as opening days of other seasons—some big catches, some smaller ones, but mostly "nothing doing." For the great majority it was, as usual, a day of weary tramping along the streams and winding up at home at the end of the day tired out, hungry and discouraged.

Of course, there was the customary crop of opinions about trout being scarcer than ever before, about the water being too clear for bait and too murky for fly. Then there was the usual contingent of experts who attributed their hard luck to the constant stirring up of the waters by a lot of pikers who knew nothing about fishing and therefore had no business along the streams. Despite all this, the fellows who never went fishing in their lives stood around in the cigar stores and calculated that fully 1000 trout were caught during the day. It may be that such was the case, at that, for yesterday there wasn't a trout left or if any were still in the streams they were unwilling to bite. Then again, it was too windy. Next year, said some of the optimists, things will be different and there will be trout a-plenty on the opening day. Just why this optimism no one seemed able to say, unless it be that the greatest optimist in the world is the fellow with a fishing rod, a hook or two and a few worms. Hope raiseth in his breast until he reels in his line and reluctantly wends his way home.

The few who always catch some fish repeated the trick on the opening day this year. John Wagner's boy John landed one upward of 20 inches long down near the lime kilns. Logan Long had two dandies, one 16 and the other 18 inches. Wilbur Baney got one about 16 inches. Clayton Brown, who like Joe Thal can catch fish where there "aint any", had several large trout, one measuring about 14 inches. Joe Thal had 22 all told, half of the number averaging from 10 to 12 inches. Cyril Moerschbacher had to quit before the day was over, having caught the limit. His 40 trout made a heaping platter and the Moerschbacher's had a choice supper. William Walker didn't get so many as usual, but several of his were choice specimens. Sheriff Lee got some nice ones, as did also Lawyers N. B. Spangler and Kline Woodring. Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick also "made good." Chief of Police Dukeman got several worth having and George Meek came home with 22.

Most of the nicest trout caught came from Logan Branch and Spring Creek. Fishing Creek was well lined during the day, but the catches were not so large. John Curtin and Jim Furst caught several nice ones down there, as did also Mr. Coxey, the grocer.

Prisoner Quickly Captured.

William Hogan, a "trusty" at the new prison site, got to thinking so much about the pleasures he was missing along the "Great White Way" that he forget all about the fact that he had only ninety days to serve to complete his term. So on Wednesday of last week while the great longing to enjoy the pleasures of life was in possession of his better judgment he skipped out for parts unknown. Hogan is a Spanish-American war veteran, receiving a pension of $6 a month and having with him when he skipped out a pension check for $18. This he tried to have cashed in Bellefonte, but not being successful he proceeded to Milesburg where he purchased a ticket for Vail station. Hogan's spurt for freedom was of brief duration. He was picked up in Tyrone on the following day and later he was returned to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh. As a result of his little escapade Hogan will probably receive an additional term, and what is more, will be compelled to serve it to the last day, not in the open air of Benner township but behind gloomy walls of the Pittsburgh prison. Officials of the penitentiary say they do little worrying over such tricks as that played by Hogan, since ninety-nine out of every hundred prisoners who escape are caught.

SAMUEL B. LEATHERS DEAD

Prominent Citizen of Howard Township Passed Away Saturday Morning.

Samuel B. Leathers, a splendid type of citizen and for many years a resident o Howard township, died early Saturday morning of last week. He had been in failing health for quite a while, but during all of this period he bore his cross with beautiful fortitude and patiently awaited the end, satisfied that crossing the border line simply meant the going to his reward. He was well known and universally liked and the news of his death was received with genuine sorrow by all who were privileged to have his friendship. Deceased was born at the family homestead in Howard township April 2, 1826, making his age 87 years. He learned the carpenter trade when a young man but later engaging in farming and remaining on the farm until death.

On January 4, 1849, he married Miss Martha Gordon, who died in 1852. On May 4, he married Miss Sara Jane Foresman, who survives him at the ripe old age of 84. These children survive: Mrs. Emma Sentz and Mrs. Bella Sentz, of Williamsport; Mrs. Alice Budinger, Mrs. Maria Witherite and Harry E., of Snow Shoe; Mrs. Rebecca Lucas, Youngstown, O.; Mrs. Bertha Womer, Marsh Creek; Mrs. Esther Lucas, Clearfield; Joseph, living on the farm, and Wilbur F., at home. He also leaves behind him forty-nine grandchildren and twenty-seven great grand-children.

Funeral services were held from the late home on Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Mr. Dunning, assisted by Rev. Mr. Piper. Interment was made in the Curtin cemetery.

SAMUEL F. KLINE DEAD

Venerable Citizen of Howard Borough Passed Away Friday Morning.

A long and useful life was brought to a close when death claimed the venerable Samuel F. Kline at 4 o'clock last Friday morning at his late home in Howard. Especially well known and greatly admired by his large host of friends, Mr. Kline's passing away removes from that community a citizen of sterling worth and a familiar figure in the life of Centre County. Virtually all of his life was spent in Howard, where he was held in the highest esteem and where his loss will be the most keenly felt. He was born October 26, 1820, making his age upward of 93 years. Despite his advanced age he enjoyed remarkably good health until perhaps six months ago. Then he suffered a decline and his passing away was not unexpected. Funeral services were held at Howard on Sunday and were largely attended, testifying to the affectionate regard in which the deceased was held by friends and neighbors.

Quite early in life Mr. Kline engaged in mercantile business, continuing in active business until a comparatively few years ago when he retired to enjoy a well earned rest. During the period of his activity he served as school director and justice of the peace. Rugged honesty and square dealing was his standard through life. For his many splendid qualities his memory will long be cherished.

Surviving the deceased are his widow and these children: Mrs. Clara M. Robb of Altoona; Mrs. H. T. McDowell, of Howard; Eugene E., at home; Mrs. Owen Hicks, of Williamsport; Mrs. Isaac Cornwell and Mrs. Richard McNally, of Northumberland, and Miss Nellie L., of Sunbury.

"A Winning Girl."

"A Winning Girl" will be at Garman's Opera House April 24, 25 and 26, with also a Saturday matinee. This is the first popular priced 3-night musica comedy to play here. The company comes with a big reputation. Daisy Mason is especially charming and makes a hit in every town. Maggie Marshall's dancing is always a big feature with the show. "A Winning Girl" means two hours of jolly fun, pretty girls and rattling good music. Prices 10, 20 and 30c.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the ollowing marriage licenses:

Thomas Hynes, Lou D. Bell,	Toledo, Ohio Boalsburg
James E. Waite, Edith L. Corman,	Bellefonte "
Andrew Steele, Pearl Evans,	Morrisdale "
John F. Hoover, Bertha M. Vaughn,	Sandy Ridge " "
Harry B. Wagner, Cora M. Brown,	Spring Mills " "
George B. Alexander, Bessie L. Way,	Fleming "
George R. Green, Edith Newton,	State College Coalport
William E. Williams, Myrtle Greswald,	Lloyd, Pa. Brookside

CHILD'S DEATH DUE TO EATING WILD CARROTS

9-Years Old Russel Price Victim of Poisonous Weed.

2 COMPANIONS SAVED

Brother and Sister of Unfortunate Boy Had Narrow Escape From Death—All Seized With Convulsions and Two Sent to Hospital.

Carson, Russel and Helen Price, aged 12, 9 and 6 years, respectively, children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Price, were taken violently ill from eating what were thought to be wild carrots on Saturday afternoon of last week. Before hurrying the two boys to the hospital Drs. Rogers and Dale worked over them for fully an hour. At the hospital Russel died about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Carson continued to be critically ill until Monday, when he was pronounced out of danger. The little sister of the boys apparently did not eat so much of the poisonous weed and quickly recovered.

The case is one without a parallel in this section. The Price family reside on North Thomas Street. The three children were tramping along the creek, nearby the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania trestle, just a short distance this side of the lime kilns. Becoming hungry they dug out and ate what looked like carrots little realizing that the things were deadly poisonous.

Russel, the younger of the boys, supposedly ate more of the carrots than the others, for he was the first to be taken ill. He was seized with convulsions and fell over a short distance from the edge of the stream. Seeing her brother rolling about in convulsions so alarmed Helen that she screamed. Her cries were heard by a lady residing in one of the houses at the Hoy row. She quickly ran to the creek, arriving there just as the second boy was seized with convulsions and toppled over backward into the water. As he fell his head struck the pier of the trestle. The woman pulled him out of the water and started to carry him to her home, the little girl accompanying her. Before they could get to the road at the top of the hill the little girl, too, was seized with convulsions.

A message for help was sent over the nearest telephone and Drs. Rogers and Dale responded. When they arrived at the Hoy row all three children were seen to be in a dangerous condition. Before the little girl was taken with convulsions she explained that they had eaten what looked like parsnips, the weed containing a poison something like strychnine. Of the three, she was the first to respond to treatment, an emetic quickly relieving her of the poisonous substance. The condition of Russel and Carson was more serious from the start. A stomach pump finally removed the poisoned weed from Carson, but the physicians were unable to stop the convulsions of the younger boy. The ambulance was summoned and both boys were removed to the hospital. Up to a short time before Russell died his pulse continued strong and it was believed he would recover. Before being taken to the hospital he had suffered so that his face had become almost black, his body drawn together and his hands clasped so tightly that the nails cut into the flesh. The convulsions continued until his heart failed and he died about 5 o'clock, possibly three hours from the time he had eaten the poisonous weeds, never having regained consciousness. His brother remained unconscious until Monday, when he showed indications of improvement and he now is on the road to recovery.

Postmaster at DuBois.

Cornelius Allen was on Tuesday appointed postmaster at DuBois. The selection was made on recommendation of Congressman Palmer. Allen had the backing of James A. Gleason, who was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Congress in this district last November. William Menzie had been named for the place by President Taft, but the appointment was held up in the Senate and never was confirmed.

$23,188 For BillySunday.

Rev. William A. Sunday, the baseball evangelist, closed a seven week's campaign in WilkesBarre on Sunday last with 16,584 "trail hitters" to his credit. The personal collection taken for Mr. Sunday amounted to $23,188.90, the largest he has ever received. Columbus, Ohio, where he was last, gave him $21,000. The total collections in Wilkes-Barre for all purposes exceeded $47,000.

Loading the Camel.

(Communicated.)

One of these days we are going to throw on the last straw. As yet, the patient old beast is bearing up bravely under the ever-increasing burden, but there must be a limit to endurance. The end will come, and come soon.

Either public sentiment will veer suddenly toward rationalism—and already there are indications of such a change—or the camel's back will break and prosperity will expire with a groan.

The thing has gone far enough—too far. Let us consider some of the weights business is now carrying.

At the opening of the special session of Congress, Leader Underwood presented one of the most drastic bills ever urged at Washington. He explained that while it would reduce our national revenues by at least $80,000,000 a year, the deficit will be made up later on by levying a direct tax upon all incomes in excess of $4,000.

The rate of this tax is to increase with the size of the income, so the persons chiefly affected will be the men whose ncomes are to be reduced by the elimination of protective tariff. In other words, the Democratic party is decreasing the capacity of the American business man and at the same time piling up his obligations.

When President Wilson, throwing custom to the winds, addressed the House, very much as the King of England opens Parliament, and tells "my people" what's what, he said business men must "be free to thrive by the law of nature (the nature of free business) instead of by the law of legislation and artificial arrangement."

An income tax, estimated anywhere between $100,000,000 and $500,000,000 a year, superimposed upon the most perilous tariff experiment in our history, is the new President's idea of eliminating "the law of legislation and artificial arrangement."

Most of us feel that he has given us about all the artificial arrangement business can stand, but as though his revolution were not enough, the legislatures of the various states are vying with one another to see which will be able to finish off in the shortest possible time the business cripple President Wilson's Administration is expected to leave us.

Pennsylvania's Legislature has an extensive program of industrial bills, most of which are admirable in theory and some of which might work out well in practice, but, taken in the aggregate, they constitute a dangerous addition to the national experiments.

Our proposed State laws include:

A public utilities commission, for the regulation of enterprises which have hitherto enjoyed the widest freedom.

Employers' liability and workmen's compensation, imposing new liabilities upon the man who pays wages.

Minimum wage, making it unlawful to employ labor at what you can afford to pay what three men, who in all probability know nothing at all about your business, think you ought to pay.

Child labor, seeking to remove from industry a very important factor.

Female employment, shortening the work day for women.

Any one of these measures, properly drawn, would act as a wholesome tonic to business. The public utilities bill and the employers' liability bill are regarded as the best of the lot and have encountered virtually no opposition.

But enough, even, though it be of the best things, is still enough. A few drops strychnine will often save a patient's life, while a glassful of it will kill him. The effort of our political Don Quixotes is to feed him a glassful, whereas the sober citizen is endeavoring to have it kept down to an allopathic dose.

Governor Tener has warned the Legislature against running riot in the matter of labor laws. President Wilson gave evidence of a vague realization of the menace, when, in his message, he said:

It would be unwise to move toward this end headlong, with reckless haste, or with strokes that cut at the very roots of what has grown up amongst us by long process and at our own invitation. It does not alter a thing to upset it and break it and deprive it of a chance to change. It destroys it. We must make changes in our fiscal laws, in our fiscal system, whose object is development, a more free and wholesome development, not revolution or upset or confusion.

Much of the legislation now being railroaded through the General Assembly under the guise of aids to the wage earner is not what it pretends to be. Only a few days ago, the representatives of four branches of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada sent an open letter to Governor Tener, the Senators and Representatives, in which they denounced the Walnut child labor bill in its present form as "a political measure and simple," and declared that, unless it was specialized to meet conditions, it would work a grave hardship upon labor.

There have been numerous protests from wage earners against the minimum wage and female employment bills, and, more significant still delegations of wage earners which have come here in connection with the bills have come for the purpose of asking amendments or exemptions in order that the particular industries they represented might not be ruined.

The miners, for example, moved the endorsement of the Walnut child labor bill by the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, and the miners were the first to ask for immunity from the provisions of the bill.

The Dean Lewises and the Wassons and the other honest toilers, who never soiled a fingernail, have wept over their hard lot and advertised these proposed laws as their only salvation, but the men and women who are carrying the dinner buckets are rightly suspicious of them, because they know that whatever hurts honest employers must hurt employes.

Gentlemen on the Hill, you are handling strong medicine. Skillfully administered it may produce good results, but handed out as a beverage it will inevitably poison those whom you imagine you are serving.

Pass no labor bill that labor itself does not heartily endorse.

Place the fewest possible new restrictions upon industry at a time when industry does not know whether it can survive Congress, even if Legislatures agree to let it alone.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

William F. Ertley, et ux, to M. J. D. Hubler, premises in State College; $1800.

Frank N. Wrye, et ux, to John Strunk, tract in Half Moon Twp.; $5000.

John Hamilton, et ux, to Harvey N. Keller, lot in State College; $500.

C. W. Fisher to F. M. Fisher, tract in Penn Hall; $30.

William P. Miller, et ux, to Frank M. Fisher, tract in Gregg Twp.; $7000.

William L. Foster, et al, to William R. Ham, premises in State College; $900.

S. P. Hockman to Calvin S. Garbrick, premises in Walker Twp.; $8000.

Cyrus Gordon's heirs to Ella C. Miller, tract in Walker Twp.; $600.

Mary C. Eckert to Chas. N. Yearick, tract in Marion Twp.; $400.

Edson Fultz to Isaac Orndorff, et al, tract in Haines Twp.; $15.

Simon L. Kline, et ux, to John Rockey, premises in State College; $23.

Webster T. Bair, et ux, to Ida S. Fryberger, premises in Philipsburg; $900

Jacob Solomon, et ux, to John Suchorvski, et ux, premises in Philipsburg; $160.

W. J. Carlin, Exr., to Perry Confer, 5 tracts in Miles Twp.; $1200.

Anna Greninger to Willis R. Bierly, et al, 2 tracts in Miles Twp.; $450.

John Hamilton, et ux, to E. S. Erb, tract in State College; $600.

William F. Strong, et ux, to William M. Grove, tract in Potter Twp.; $1.

Minnie B. Adams to Frank A. Miller, premises in State College; $3700.

D. G. Bush, et ux, to J. D. Shugert, premises in Benner Twp.; $1.

John M. Shugert, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penna., tract in Benner Twp.; $1.

Thomas J. Tressler, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penna., tract in Benner Twp.; $600.

Isaac C. Tressler, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penna., tract in Benner Twp.; $650.

John D. Shugerts' Exrs to Commonwealth of Penna., tract in Benner Twp.; $818.98.

H. C. Shirk, et ux, to E. H. Grove, tract in Potter Twp.; $8000.

Commissioners of Centre Co. to Charles Martens, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $3.

Thomas F. Royer, et al, to P. F. Hersinger, tract in Potter Twp.; $1900.

C. W. Luse to Andrew Zettle, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $50.

C. W. Luse, et al, to A. W. Zettle, tract in Centre Hall; $50.

McCluney Radcliffe, et ux, to Mrs. Susan C. Geary, tract in Centre Hall Boro; $1500.

William L. Foster, et al, to Samuel K. Hostetter, et al, tract in State College; $450.

John H. Breon, et ux, to Samuel K. Hostetter, et al, tract in State College; $450.

Salinda Sloteman, et baron, to Thomas Sons, tract in Spring Twp.; $125.

J. E. Musser, et al, to H. G. Musser, tract in Unionville; $600.

Matt Pension Bill Passed.

The Matt pension bill was passed finally in the House at Harrisburg last Thursday by a vote of 166 to 7. The measure would carry with it an appropriation of $1,500,000 and provide for pensions for soldiers sailors and marines who served in the Civil war from Pennsylvania.

The pensions would be graduated according to service, $5 a month being payable to veterans who saw one year's service, $6 to those who served two years and $7 to those who served three years or more.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetitie, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Bood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunburg, Ohio.—Advt.

Health of School Children.

That eighty per cent of the children in country schools drink tea and coffee; that 40 per cent of them suffer from almost constant toothache; and that 19 to 23 per cent have frequent headache; these are some of the surprising facts brought out by Dr. Ernest B. Hoag, of Minnesota, in a personal visitation of the rural schools of that State, according to information received at the United States Bureau of Education.

To find exactly what health conditions in the Minnesota rural schools are, Dr. Hoag asks the simplest kind of questions, with astonishing results. "When I ask those who drink coffee, to stand up," says Dr. Hoag, "nearly all the children arise. When I ask how many have a tooth-brush, nearly all say they have, but when I ask 'Did you use it this morning?" there is little response."

Many of the children assumed that headache, earache, and other ailments were perfectly natural things, and seemed surprised that anybody should be serious about them. "Why I always have headache," they would say. Dr. Hoag found that by simple questions about the children's eyesight, the teacher, without any optical test at all, would discover that 20 per cent of her children suffer from eye strain.

From 12 to 14 per cent of the country school children suffer from earache, and 4 per cent have discharging ears. "Adenoids, earache, discharging ears, deafness; that's the order we find over and over again," says Dr. Hoag. "Four or five per cent of the children simply do not hear what is going on and are therefore put down as stupid when they are not."

The commonest principles of hygiene are frequently neglected. In one school visited by Dr. Hoag an old fashioned unjacketed stove had sent the thermometer to the sizzling height of 90 degrees while it was 10 below zero out of doors, a difference of 100 degrees. The children in the country are generally plentifully fed Dr. Hoag finds, but they do not eat the right kind of food. People in the country do not breathe pure air, because, with abundance of it all about them, they carefully exclude it from their houses by keeping the windows tightly closed. These are some of the things that have caused the country to lose its reputation for good health as compared with the city.

In order to remedy conditions, thorough medical inspection is desirable where it can be had, but much can be done by the teacher herself without any elaborate medical methods, according to Dr. Hoag. Teachers in the Minnesota schools are provided with a "health survey" containing simple but fundamental questions about health by means of which they keep informed as to the condition of the children intrusted to their charge and are able to point the way to healthful living.

Why He Was Brusque.

When Daniel Webster was secretary of state he visited England, and while in London the American minister took him to call upon Lord Brougham. They found the nobleman immersed in business, and his reception of the distinguished American was exceedingly brusque and indifferent. The minister was naturally very much mortified, and, asking Webster to excuse him a moment, he drew Lord Brougham aside, when the following whispered conversation ensued:

"My lord, do you know who Mr Webster is? He is secretary of state of the United States."

"Why didn't you say so?" was the reply. "I thought he was that confounded fellow who made the dictionary and turned the English language upside down."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A Real Patriot.

General Ramsay Potts, praising patriotism at a dinner in Chicago a few years ago, said:

"I like to hold up as a patriotic example young Si Hoskins.

"Si once decided to enlist. He burned with a desire to serve his country So he applied at a recruiting office and was duly punched and prodded, trotted up and down, jumped over chairs and tables, etc.

"Then came question time. All sorts of questions were fired at Si, and his answers were most satisfactory. Then came the stern inquiry:

"'Have you ever served a jail sentence?'

"'N-no, sir,' Si stammered; 'but,' he added hastily, 'I'd be very glad to do a medium sized one if it's necessary.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Swords and Beards.

At one time in England all "gentlemen" wore swords as well as beards and their habit of drawing these weapons to settle the most trivial disputes is said to have had much to do with the cut and styles in beards. During this sword wearing period all "bluffers" wore their beards cut and hacked in most outlandish shapes, trying to convey the impression that they were bad men, who had been in many terrific sword combats.

More Than One.

The witness testified that he had been knocked down by a motorcar and that the chauffeur, who was joy riding, had given no warning of his approach.

"Do you mean," asked the judge, "that he didn't have a horn?"

"No, your honor," replied the witness; "I think he'd had too many."—Argonaut.

ROAD BILL MUST WAIT

Money From $50,000,000 Bond Issue Would Not be Available Before 1915.

The various rumors afloat as to plans for utilizing the money should the people at the polls approve the $50,000,000 good roads loan, were set at rest by Governor Tener in a statement on Monday. The Governor made it quite clear that the present Legislature cannot pass an enabling measure to make possible the spending of any part of the bond issue. Such legislation, the Governor explained, must be passed by the Legislature of 1915.

Some of the rumors afloat conveyed the impression that immediately following adjournment of the present Legislature the Governor would call a special election to vote on the $50,000,000 loan and in the event of its being approved at the polls he would thereupon reconvene the Legislature to pass an enabling act. Last week the Legislature adopted a resolution asking Attorney General Bell for an opinion as to whether such enabling legislation might be passed at this session. The Governor's statement, which gives the information requested of Attorney General Bell, was as follows:

"For many years the platforms of the several political parties have advocated the building of good roads throughout the state, and many propositions for the advancement of this great work have been made. Some of the plans have been tried, but without altogether satisfactory results.

"It was in 1910 that what proving to be a practical, economical system was advocated by the Republican party. In order to carry the pledge of the party into force a comprehensive system of statewide road improvement was provided through the enactment of the Sproul law by the legislature of 1911, the operation of which has been satisfactory to a great majority of the people of the commonwealth. In order that the work should proceed with the greatest possible dispatch it was proposed in 1911 that the constitution be amended to permit of a bond issue of $50,000,000, the proceeds to be used in state highway betterment.

"The Sproul act has been in force for nearly two years and its beneficial effects have been state wide and much permanent road building has been accomplished under its provisions, but the extension of the work has been restricted to the limited sums appropriated from the ordinary revenue.

"Under the provisions of our constitution, should the present general assembly agree to the resolution providing for the amendment which would permit the $50,000,000 bond issue and the people give their approval at the November election, the legislature of 1915 should pass the enabling legislation for the issuance and sale of the bonds and the appropriation of the proceeds. Were it possible to pass an enabling act at this session, which is apparently out of the question, since all good lawyers agree this cannot be done, I would make these recommendations.

"These bonds should bear 3½ per cent yearly interest, payable semiannually, in June and December.

"Subscription for the sale of the bonds should be open to the public.

"The period for which the bonds should be issued should be fifty years, with the option for their retirement in whole or in part after thirty years.

"Proper sinking funds should be provided.

"The bonds should be sold from year to year on this basis as the proceeds are appropriated: First year, 1915 $5,000,000; second year, 1916, $7,500,000; third year, 1917, $7,500,000; fourth year, 1918, $10,000,000; fifth year, 1919, $10,000,000; sixth year, 1920, $10,000,000.

"I would especially recommend and provide that no contracts be let in any year for an amount greater than the sum appropriated for the year in which the contract is made.

"I believe it the part of wisdom and good business to sell only such number and amount of bonds as would provide the funds to be used annually as fixed by the appropriation made by the legislature. The result of this policy would be a saving to the state of 1½ per cent in interest, or the difference between interest on the bonds and the 2 per cent allowed on state deposits."

Founders' Day at Juniata.

Today, April 17th is observed at Juniata college, Huntingdon, Pa., as "Founders Day," marking the anniversary of the founding of the institution in 1876. On April 17th of that year, Prof. J. M. Zuck first met with three students, and since that time the history of the college, has been a record of continued growth in faculty, students and material equipment A faculty of twenty-three professors and instructors, an annual enrollment of over four hundred students and seven large buildings on College Hill give evidence to the development of the college. Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of schools of Philadelphia, formerly president of Juniata college, will give the anniversary address this year on the evening of "Founders' Day." There will be a large gathering of old students and other friends of education who will be welcome.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

I Will Prove It to You Free

J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are made miserable and nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pain—send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

CUT AND MAIL TO DAY

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name.....Age.....

Post Office.....

State.....Street and No.....

To Make A Tree Grow.

Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa, who has planted more trees than any other person in the State of Pennsylvania, and has had remarkable success with their growing, gives the following plain and detailed directions for making trees grow: In consideration of the approaching Arbor Days, April 25th which has been set by Governor Tener in this State, they will be found especially timely and helpful.

"Replying to your inquiries as to how to plant a tree correctly, I can say first you should have a vigorous young tree, to start growth well. I prefer one-year-old trees in the fruit line, and certainly nothing older than three-year-old trees, even for shade purpose. The top should be pruned back considerably at the time of planting. The long or broken roots should be pruned off, leaving the stubs not more than six inches in length. The roots should be kept damp from the time the tree is removed from the ground until the transplanting is completed. To do this it is a good plan to plunge them into a vessel of mud, so so as to puddle or cover them with mud, or cover them with a damp cloth to keep sun and wind from them before planting.

"Dig a hole two or three feet across. Make it deep enough that some good top ground can be put in the bottom of the hole and the tree stand on this, and be not more than three inches lower than it formerly grew. If you come to rocks or poor soil or clay remove these, so the hole can be properly deepened. Fill it with good earth tamped in firmly, so that the tree will stand on this and be firm after the planting is completed. Spread the roots in different directions. Incline the tree five or ten degrees toward the prevailing wind, if it is in a region where the wind will strike it with force. Be sure that it will not be planted more than three inches deeper than it formerly grew. Less than this is generally sufficient.

"Again, if there are places beneath the roots where these do not touch the soil, work good earth under them with the hands. Then put good soil over the roots to a depth of about two or three inches. Use no manure or fertilizer in contact with the roots. Tramp this earth as firmly as can be done with the feet. Success in making a tree grow depends upon this firm tramping with good soil that is not wet enough to cake or become hard, and also not too dry.

"After this fill in the hole with good top earth, not using red clay nor stones. It is all right to put stones over the top of the ground after the planting is completed, filling to about the level of the ground, but do not tramp it again, and do not use water at any time, unless it be after the final refilling. If water is used be careful not to tramp or pack it in the least after it is wet."

LOSS OF $66,000,000 ON PIGS

Hog Cholera Greatest Scourge of Live Stock Last Year.

Of the loss to live stock within the year, that among swine was the heaviest, and hog cholera was probably the cause of 90 per cent. of the loss, according to the Department of Agriculture, at Washington. The monetary loss in swine the department places at approximately $66,417,000.

The losses of cattle and sheep during the year were not so heavy as the year previous, while the losses of farm horses and mules was not quite one per cent. greater than the preceding year.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.—Advt.

LOCK HAVEN STATE NORMAL

Geo P. Singer, Principal.

The spring term of this important Normal School will begin April 7th, with a larger attendance than usual. On May 12th a special seven week's course will be started for the benefit of teachers preparing for either the provisional, professional, or permanent examinations. A thorough review of the common branches will be given, together with special work in pedagogy. This is an excellent opportunity to prepare for these examinations. Free tuition to teachers. All other expenses including board and room will be $4.00 per week. High School graduates can save time by attending the spring term, and will receive the same rates.

For further information and illustrated catalog address the Principal.

WASHINGTON

SPECIAL 10-DAY EXCURSION

Thursday, April 24th, 1913

$8.25 from Bellefonte

Tickets good going on Train No. 8, "Atlantic Express," Train No. 4, "Philadelphia Express," Train No. 36, "Philadelphia Express," or Train No. 38, "The Washington Express," and their connections.

Tickets will be limited for return passage to leave Washington on regular trains before midnight of May 3, 1913, inclusive, and require validation by Ticket Agent at Washington before being good for return passage.

STOP-OVER AT BALTIMORE

within limit of ticket allowed on going or returning trip. Passengers not desiring to use tickets beyond Baltimore may have them validated for return trip at that point.

For full information regarding leaving time of trains, tickets, and Pullman reservations, apply to Ticket Agents, or A. E. Buchanan Division Passenger Agent, Telegraph Building, Harrisburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Blot

And How It Was Wiped Out

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The new house was finished. No detail had been omitted to make it homelike as well as beautiful and comfortable. Still it lacked something. Paul Main paced the terrace, smoking an after luncheon cigar, pondering why he was not happy and contented after all the expense and bother he had endured while building this handsome country home.

Below Fairdale village lay steeped in the brilliant October sunshine. From his house on the hilltop the village looked like a collection of toy houses, quaintly picturesque, without one jarring note of ugly line or crude coloring.

Paul's eyes lingered on the village and then lifted slowly to the one blot on his landscape. Hidden from view of his own estate because of a projecting spur of the mountain, the railroad circled the hill and disappeared, a glimmer of shining tracks, through a cut among the ranges.

The railroad was innocent of offense in Paul's eyes, but on a strip of hilly land bordering the tracks, quite in plain view of Paul's windows, was an immense signboard bearing in six foot letters an advertisement of "Windmuller's Balsam For Coughs and Colds." That abomination of black and yellow paint was the blot on Paul Main's landscape and on his peace of mind.

"If I had known that sign was to be put there I would never have built here. I'll see Coombs about it," he decided, and, whistling up his favorite pointer, he pulled his cap down over his eyes and tramped down the avenue to the main road.

He found Lawyer Coombs in an unresponsive mood regarding the signboard.

"I dare say; I dare say," replied Mr. Coombs after Paul had stated his case, "but as I understand the situation the owner of the property wishes to derive some income from the land. As you are aware, that hill runs sheerly to the tracks below, and it is useless for building purposes."

"But it is a blot on my view," persisted Paul impatiently. "I'm willing to buy the land if necessary to"—

"You couldn't buy the land, my dear sir. It is held in trust and cannot be disposed of until a minor has reached his majority, which will be in exactly eighteen years."

"Perhaps I'll buy the balsam factory," threatened Paul ruefully as he left the lawyer's office.

He went down to the railroad and skirted the tracks, looking up at the offending signboard with speculative eyes. "I'd like to talk to the owner of that property," he pondered thoughtfully.

"Oh, dear!" cried a sweet voice in distress.

Paul turned quickly. On the railroad crossing behind him a woman's form was bent in evident perturbation. Instantly he surmised the cause of the trouble and was beside her in a few swift strides

"You have caught your heel?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," she panted affrightedly, "and a train is coming too. Oh, dear!"

A shrill whistle echoed from the cut among the hills, sounding a warning to clear the track upon which the woman stood. Paul bent down, untied the ribbon bow and gently lifted the little silk stockinged foot from its prison.

"Run for your life," he commanded briefly, and she obeyed him. He vainly wrenched at the imprisoned little shoe, held by its absurdly high heel between the track and one of the crossing planks, but he could not budge it, so leaped aside in time to allow the train, a long string of freight cars, to pass. The second car tossed the mangled little shoe at his feet, and he placed it in his pocket.

When the last car had passed he crossed over to where the owner of the shoe was waiting to thank him. For the first time he really saw her—as a matter of fact, for the first time he really lived from that moment.

She was small and dainty, with a lovely, flower-like face, which retained its youthful beauty and charm in spite of the softly graying brown hair that fluffed under her black hat. She was gowned in white with touches of black, and Paul surmised that she was a widow from the wedding ring on one little white hand. I am afraid he would have been bitterly disappointed if he had found otherwise.

"How can I thank you?" she cried gratefully as he came toward her.

"By allowing me to assist you home," was Paul's gallant reply. "I am afraid you will have difficulty with only one shoe, but there was nothing to do but leave it there."

"Oh, I live quite near by, and I can take off the other shoe and get home nicely, thank you," she said pleasantly, adding with a little toss of color, "If you had not arrived—think of what would have happened to me!"

"Don't think of it, please," said Paul hastily. If you feel faint or ill perhaps I can find you a restorative of some sort. I believe there is a drug store down the road, but my own house is quite near." Involuntarily he glanced upward, and her eyes followed his to the beautiful home on the hilltop.

"Never mind getting anything," she said hastily. "I will thank you again and go."

She held out a little white hand, and for an instant it was inclosed in Paul's; then he lifted his hat and left her.

Instead of going directly home he stopped in the drug store, and with his mind still on the blot on his landscape he asked a question of the druggist.

"Who owns that piece of property on the other side of the track?"

"You mean the hill where the billboard stands?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Covington is the owner. Her husband died a couple of years ago and left all of his property to her in trust for a nephew who is only three years old at the present time. She has recently had the billboard erected there—or at least the balsam people have leased the ground from her for the purpose."

"Thank you," said Paul Main, and he went home.

He wrote a letter that evening to Mrs. Covington and explained to her what a blot that billboard was on his outlook, and as he understood the property was not for sale and that the contract could not be bought he added an appeal to her sense of the beautiful and her consideration for his feelings on observing the hideous sign from every point of view of his estate.

After he had sealed the letter and sent it to the postoffice he felt better and went out to the terrace to smoke, and under the magic of the full moon he fell to dreaming of the lovely little woman he had saved from death that day, and his hand unconsciously strayed to the little slipper in his pocket.

The next evening he received a visit from Mr. Coombs, who looked very much displeased over something and if possible appeared paler and with white hair more upstanding than usual. Paul had him out on the terrace, where they paced to and fro as they talked.

"You've gone and done it now, Main," said the lawyer bitterly.

"Done what?" demanded Paul, mystified.

"I knew you were a rich man, but I never supposed you to be a screw. It never occurred to me that robbing the widow was in your line!"

"A screw? Robbing the widow—what widow? I don't know any widows. I keep away from 'em every time!" he protested.

"You write letters to them," said Coombs testily.

"Letters?" repeated Paul vaguely, and then suddenly a light broke over him. "Do you mean Mrs. Covington?" he asked lamely.

"Yes. Man, do you know that it nearly broke that woman's heart to have that signboard put up there, but she did it to keep body and soul together. Covington died and left her pretty well off, but all the property was in trust, because I suppose he was certain she would marry again some day. A few months ago she lost some securities through a robbery in her house and has been hard pressed for money to live upon. The signboard business is merely a sop to the hungry wolf until she can find some means of earning a living for herself. She talks of taking boarders, because she has a well equipped house here in Fairdale."

"She has been to you?" Paul found voice to ask out of his depth of self condemnation.

"Yes. She has ordered me to break the contract with the balsam people and have the board removed. She does not feel that she ought to impose upon her neighbors in that way."

"What can be done to make things right?" asked Paul sharply.

"I don't know, if anything, now, only you might go around and tell her as delicately as possible that you think a strapping six footer of a man who doesn't have to worry about the butcher or baker can stand it to gaze upon a black and yellow billboard better than a frail woman can give up the income derived from said advertisement. She is a proud woman, too, Main."

"You needn't make me feel like any less than thirty cents," complained Paul.

"You ought to be made to feel—you think too much about yourself, Main."

"You're right," admitted Paul, "and now that you've ripped me to pieces let's have a little friendly talk about what I can do to make myself most useful and inoffensive in Fairdale."

The next day found Paul Main seeking the home of Mrs. Amy Covington in Fairdale village.

The Covington place was a pleasant, old fashioned white house set in the midst of comfortable grounds. Paul's ring at the doorbell brought him face to face with the blue eyed woman he had rescued two days before.

"Mrs. Covington?" she repeated, smiling, though he was sure she had been weeping. "I am Mrs. Covington. Won't you come in?"

Afterward, when he told Mr. Coombs about the interview, he added the story of the pretty shoe he had retained.

"Coombs," he said thoughtfully, "I persuaded Mrs. Covington to leave the billboard there as a reminder to me that I am a selfish sort of beast. Now I shall spend the rest of the year in persuading her that because I saved her life she should intrust that precious life to me for better or worse. If I can win her for my wife the whole landscape can be dotted with billboards advertising Windmuller's balsam and I shall not care!"

"You have it bad, my dear Main," grinned Mr. Coombs, rubbing his hands delightedly. "As I understand it, there will be no blot upon your landscape if you can persuade Amy Covington to marry you."

"As I understand it," amended Paul Main, "the only blot on the landscape then will be where she is not!"

The White Rhinoceros.

The white rhinoceros is not much whiter than the common rhinoceros, but instead of ending in a triangular upper lip its muzzle is square. The white rhinoceros is the largest animal on earth, with the exception of the elephant. The common rhinoceros lives on leaves, roots and bulbs, which he digs up with his frontal horn. The common rhinoceros is vicious and cruel; the white rhinoceros is calm and lazy, living exclusively on grass and herbage. Though long regarded as a one horned animal, he has two horns. But the smaller of the two, set back of the frontal horn, is so rudimentary that it is not seen from a distance. The forward horn is four and one-half feet in length, and one of its sides is flat. Some of the frontal horns are grooved. The white rhinoceros closely resembles the unicorn of antique legends, whose horns, when used as drinking vessels, sterilized poisons and rendered them harmless.—Harper's.

Waterproof Foliage.

An oriental scholar was giving an address on the philosophy and religion of the east. His English was of good quality, only now and then becoming interesting from the humorous point of view when he attempted colloquial idioms. After describing with fervor the sage—the one who can walk amid the difficulties and perplexities of mortal existence and yet, unaffected by these, retain his perfect serenity—the speaker was looking about for some familiar comparison by which to bring home the idea to his hearers.

"Ah, I have it!" he said, pleased at the recollection that rewarded his effort. "It is an expressive saying of your own language, said to me by a lady with whom I was last evening conversing. Take that familiar bird, the duck. It is possible to pour a bucketful of water upon that duck, and yet the water can never get into his leaves."

The Hat Question In 1790.

The Handel festival was originally given in Westminster abbey, and the official notice of 1790 announced that "no ladies will be admitted with Hats, and they are particularly requested to come without Feathers and very small Hoops, if any." As ecclesiastical law demands that female worshipers shall cover their heads in church, this regulation was curiously anomalous. A suggestion in regard to ladies' headgear was also made by Sir Frederic Cowen in 1905, when he gave it as his opinion that the ladies might discover in their wardrobe some "extremely fascinating flat hats," which would not obstruct the view. The "fascinating flat hats" were, however, chiefly conspicuous by their absence, owing presumably (we write subject to feminine correction) to the fact that the flat hat was not among the fashions of that year.—London Globe.

Horace Greeley and an Autograph.

In his "Recollections of a Busy Life" Horace Greeley tells the story of how he once dealt very effectively with a persistent autograph hunter. A gushing youth wrote to Greeley as follows:

Dear Sir—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly.

To which Greeley replied:

Dear Sir—Among my literary treasures there happens to be just one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is a note of hand for $50, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75, including protest, and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

The autograph was found among Greeley's possessions after his death.

The Lion's Share.

It is really not the male lion, with his terrific roar and formidable appearance, that the explorer fears, but his mate. The male lion is a good looking poser, but when it comes to business it is his wife who counts, a la the African native. Game is pulled down by the female lion, and then the male beats her off until he has feasted to repletion, when she may have what is left; hence "the lion's share."

Out of Her Line.

The horny handed son of toil who had just inherited a fortune went to see a manicure.

"Can you do anything with these, ma'am?" he asked, exhibiting his hands.

"Yes, sir," she said, "after you've gone to a surgeon and had those cracks stitched up. I don't meddle with jobs that belong to the regular practitioners."—London Tit-Bits.

The Exceptions.

Mrs. White—And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything? Mrs. Black—Always, except, of course, now and then, when he's out of humor or pigheaded or something of that sort.—London Answers.

Cynical.

"That doctor is something of a cynic."

"As to how?"

"He says when a man has a malady it's a disease and when a woman has it it's a complaint."—Washington Herald.

The Work That Tells a Story.

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings without some intellectual intentions.—Ruskin.

You cannot run away from a weakness. You must some time fight it out or perish.

Whence and Hither?

A sublime passage is Carlyle's vision of history as a stupendous procession forth-issuing from Cimmerian night and vanishing into pathetic and fathomless silence, which is given as follows in "Sartor Resartus:"

"Like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's arraillery does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Like a God-created, fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."

Cruel but Necessary.

The Eskimos dread the winter and take early precautions to provide against famine. As the season approaches the great herds of reindeer migrate southward, and the walrus or the seal are all that remain for food. When an in wind is blowing the walrus is easily found on the outer edge of the ice packs. When it is blowing off the shore, however, the ice packs sail out to sea with the walruses on them. The natives then class their numbers in a list from the strongest to the weakest. The food that is in store is divided up, the weakest having the smallest quantity, the strongest the largest. Thus the mightiest hunters have strength to provide for the others. It is a cruel system, but nevertheless a necessary one. If all were weak, all would die; if some are strong, they will save many of the weak.

The Sea Lifts the Grindstones.

From the bottom of the Bay of Fundy come some of the finest grindstones in the world, and the manner in which they are procured is simple and ingenious, the stonecutters making the exceptional tide perform the hardest part of the work. When the tide is out, which happens twice every day, the workmen quarry the stones from the solid rock and fasten them to a big flatboat. Then in comes the tide, a mighty flood rushing in, as though the great ocean had suddenly changed its mind. A wonderful sight it is—rising often as high as a house! And now the men have nothing more to do. The tide lifts the boat, and up comes the stone with it. Boat and stone are then brought close inshore, where the stone is removed at leisure when the tide is out.—Argonaut.

A Fitting Reply.

Major Lomax of the United States army was visiting in Canada soon after the war of 1812. He was entertained in Quebec by the officers of one of the royal regiments. After dinner, speeches and toasts being in order, one of the British officers, having imbibed too generously of the champagne, gave as a toast, "The President of the United States, Dead or Alive!" The toast was accepted with laughter.

Major Lomax rose to respond, saying, "Permit me to give as my toast, 'The Prince Regent, Drunk or Sober!'" The British officer sprang instantly to his feet and in angry tones demanded, "Sir, do you intend that remark as an insult?"

To which Major Lomax calmly answered, "No, sir; as the reply to one."

Don't Get Up In a Hurry.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong.

A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts pumping the blood suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. Stretch and yawn and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch are better even than a cold bath. Take time. It will keep you young and add years to your life.—Family Doctor.

Golf.

A writer in an English paper has this to say regarding the game of golf: "Golf is a great game, but shiver me niblicks if I think it comes up to tiddledywinks. It is played with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindustani, any old clothes and a large assortment of oaths."

Overheard In the Art Gallery.

They were making the usual round of exhibitions.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!"

"Sh!" she returned. "Don't say 'dear' so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married."—Judge.

Sounds So.

"How oddly the man cleaning the machinery talks."

"How do you mean?"

"I heard him telling his helper to save the waste."—Baltimore American.

Nose For News.

"That man is an inveterate gossip, and he has a perfect genius for smelling out squally times in families."

"Then his is something of a storm scenter."—Exchange.

Acrobatic Diplomacy.

Elihu Root once defined a real diplomat thus: "A real diplomat, you know, is a man who can stretch hands across the sea without putting his foot in it."

A Chinese Incident.

"I'll tell you a true story," said a missionary, "that illustrates the nobility of the Chinese character.

"A drunken Cossack in Manchuria shot a Chinaman fatally. It was necessary to identify the fellow, and half a dozen Cossacks were brought to the Chinaman's deathbed for that purpose. He, however, refused to point out his murderer, saying:

"'Why should he be killed, since I must die in any case?'

"They explained that the Cossack would not be put to death, but only severely punished, for his crime. Thereupon the Chinaman said:

"'But why punish him, since he is already forgiven?'

"To this they made answer that the punishment would not be a revenge, but a deterrent. It would keep the Cossack from repeating such a heinous crime.

"But the Chinaman only shook his head.

"'He won't repeat it anyway,' he said, 'when he knows that I forgive him.'"—Minneapolis Journal.

How Rain Bores Holes.

When rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its wall. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries, the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate. If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain he breaks the tops of the tubes, and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the west, on the semiarid lands, store the rainfall one year and raise a crop of wheat every other year, there being sufficient water in two years, but not enough in one, to raise a crop.—Harper's.

Manners if Not Mathematics.

The little boy, aged five, was sitting in the midst of the large family circle at the luncheon table. Opposite him was his young lady cousin, who mingled with her affection for him an earnest desire to set his infant feet in the paths of knowledge. Just now in her intense way she was trying to teach him how to divide an orange into quarters.

Again and again she fed up to the point that she wished him to think out and as often he failed to follow.

As she leaned forward, wholly absorbed in her desire to make the idea clear to him, she asked once more, "But how would you get a quarter of an orange?"

The boy, blissfully unconscious, replied with a beaming look, "I would say please."—Youth's Companion.

Puzzles For Patients.

Although the patient had waited half an hour for her interview, the time had not dragged.

"I worked on one of those puzzles," she said. "By the way, doctor, you are not a children's specialist; then why do you keep so many puzzles in your reception room?"

"You answered your own question before you asked it," the doctor said. "I keep them to amuse the grownups. Most people who feel bad enough to visit a doctor can entertain themselves better with a puzzle than a book or magazine. Every puzzle that has achieved popularity in the last twenty-five years has a place in that cabinet. Dentists also rely on puzzles to keep waiting patients in good humor, for even toothache will share attention with a good puzzle."—New York Times.

Trade Emblems on Tombstones.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.—London Answers.

Returned With Interest.

The author and Sallie Quickstep were playing tennis, and the author, who is something of a tease, had been rallying her about her game.

"I say, Miss Sallie," he cried at last, "do you feel warm? You're getting awfully red."

"Am I red?" returned she calmly as she sent the ball flying over the net. "Well, that's more than can be said of your books, Mr. Inkwell. That's 40 love, I believe."—New York Press.

Busy Firemen.

"You have a fire department in your village, I suppose?" asked the visitor to Mudville.

"Oh, yes," replied the proud citizen.

"And is the department kept busy?"

"Busy? I should say so! Why, we have four parades a year!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Secure.

An old farmer once excused himself for sleeping under the rector's sermons by observing, "Lor', sir, when you are in the pulpit we know it is all right."—London Standard.

He Backed Out.

Dentist—We must kill the nerve of the tooth. Patient—Then I will go out of the room. I'm too tender hearted to witness it.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Sailors' Queer Customs.

The sailors' broad collars were devised so that the powder of tar on the wearer's cues should not come off on the blouses. In those days every sailor wore his hair in a cue and either had the cue powdered or held together by tar. This was not good for the blouse or jacket underneath. So detachable broad collars were added. Sailors stopped wearing cues a century ago. But they still wear the wide collar. When Lord Nelson died the British navy went into mourning for him. Sailors put broad black ribbons on their caps and black ribbons on their blouses. And the ribbons remain to this day not only on the uniforms of British sailors, but on those of other navies as well. The broad "bell shaped" ends of sailors' trousers legs were thus shaped so that the wearer might more easily turn his trousers up above his knees when he had to swab the decks. Deck swabbing was a hateful and supposedly degrading task. Hence the sailors called their enemies "swabs" as a term of contempt.

Automatic Fire Doors.

The construction of a fire door and its installation may be standard in every way, but for the door to be of service it must be closed at the time of fire. As employees of a plant cannot always be depended upon to close the doors of the plant, because of panic or other reasons, fire doors should be either self closing or automatic. A self closing door is one which closes by itself as soon as a person has passed through. This door is normally always closed and never should be allowed to be blocked open. The automatic type is held open by means of a weight or catch, which has connected with it a series of fusible links. In cases of fire the solder on one or more of the fusible links melts from the heat, releases the weight or catch, and the door closes. This type of door should be employed wherever it is necessary for the door to be kept open at times, but otherwise the self closing door is preferable.—F. P. Walther in the Engineering Magazine.

Sartorial Genius.

The genius in tailoring accomplishes without effort things that refuse to yield to the most determined efforts of the ordinary mortal. He apparently creates out of nothing. His touch transforms the shape of the customer and the set of the garment. He molds the ungainly form into an Apollo, and the misfit garment falls into natural place in his hands. The lines of his draft are unapproachable, and his system is infallible. He knows just when the shoulder is to be advanced or receded. He understands intuitively just how much the waist is to be suppressed or filled in and how much spring is required. He never makes a mistake, and if the journeyman ruins a garment beyond repair in the making the genius sets it right with a few touches, even though to repair it is beyond the ordinary cutter's skill.—Tailor and Cutter.

One Exception.

There are so many ways of offending a waiter at a big restaurant that it seems difficult to think up a new one, but a customer who lunched at a famous hostelry achieved it. Being in a sentimental, contemplative mood, the customer remarked, "I suppose people from every country under the sun dine here, eh?"

"It is depressing to reflect on the generations that have sat at these old tables," the customer resumed dreamily. "Old and young, grave and gay, from far and near, rich and poor"—

At that point in the reverie the waiter flared up indignantly. "Not poor," he corrected. "It costs money to eat in this place."

Then he presented the bill, and the customer agreed that it did.—New York Press.

Queer Birds.

There are two rare species of birds in the Amazon forests of which no specimens, it is said, have ever been brought away—the "bellbird" and the "lost soul." These names are derived from the effects produced by the cries of the birds, the former having a voice likened to that of a silver bell and the latter possessing the eerie accomplishment of crooning in such a manner as to produce goose flesh on the unfortunate person who hears its song.

Lunar Athletics.

The "man in the moon" must surely regard with amused contempt our much vaunted athletic records. A good terrestrial athlete could cover about 120 feet on the moon in a running broad jump, while leaping over the barn would be a very commonplace feat. He would find no difficulty in carrying six times as much and running six times as fast as he could on earth, all because the moon attracts bodies with but one-sixth of the force of the earth.

At Sea.

"Isn't the ocean grand and majestic?"

"Yes, and there is an indefinable something about it that impresses me strangely."

"What is it?"

"I was just trying to determine. I have it. It's the utter absence of billboards."—Washington Herald.

Natural Inference.

"Here's an umbrella I've kept for three years," he said proudly.

"Isn't it about time you returned it?" she replied.—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Hazy.

"Pa, who was Jonah?"

"I can't place him just now, but he was some sort of an inside man."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Bills.

The fashionable balls, that flashed
Their glitter every where
And brought the dance's dear delight
To swains and ladies fair
Have vanished from the season's course
And given up their place
To frequent moth balls, which just now
Are noticed in the race.
And presently they too will fade
From view and we shall care
No more for these departed balls,
For baseballs fill the air.
W. J. LAMPTON in the N. Y. Sun.

Free trade and free soup. They went together under Cleveland. Is history about to repeat itself?

Here's a little boquet to Jim. Cornelius. To all appearences he is the only Democrat in town not applying for a job under Wilson.

They say that Democratic County Chairman Kimport is also in line for one of those juicy plums being handed out by President Wilson via. the Palmer-Guthrie-McCormick route. More pleasing news to "the first newspaper in Pennsylvania to declare for Wilson for President." Wilson evidently missed that week's issue of the paper.

1893 AND 1913.

Every tariff bill is an aggregation of special instances. We may say in a general way that the new Underwood bill as a whole, effects a certain percentage of reduction in tariff duties, but each schedule, and each industry included in that schedule, is a separate story, says the Harrisburg Telegraph.

A very drastic measure may deal more kindly with individual enterprises than one which is less intemperate in its average of cuts. The citrus fruit producers may escape the full force of Mr. Underwood's axe, and the silk manufacturers may find that they are not much worse off than they were under the Payne law.

Each branch of industry must make its own reckoning and some of them will inevitably find that they are worse off than others, as a result of the blind hacking of tariff theorists who spurn the idea of revision based upon accurate information as to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, and other conditions demanding consideration if the new Democratic era is to be one of fair play and equal opportunity for all.

One of the many, many special instances to be taken up and fought out at this tariff session is the plight of the textile industry, or, rather, the plight in which it would find itself if the various swords of Damocles now hanging over its head were to fall.

The Wilson bill of 1894 virtually suppressed the textile mills of Pennsylvania by reducing the tariff on textile goods to a point which enabled the foreign manufacturer to set his goods down in the American market and to sell them at a profit at less than it cost the American manufacturer to make the same article.

The compromise woolen bill, passed by the Sixty-second Congress and vetoed by President Taft, was more severe in its treatment of textile duties than was the Wilson bill, and the present Underwood bill is said to be slightly worse than the compromise bill.

It must be remembered that when the relatively higher Wilson schedule forced the Pennsylvania manufacturer into a corner by removing adequate protection, the difference between American wages and English wages was not so great as it is today.

The Way Back To It.

"Why do you call your wife Peggy?"

"It's a long story."

"It must be. Peggy is supposed to be short for Margaret, though I could never see why. But your wife's name is Felicia. How do you get it?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. Peggy is short for a nickname I invented for her. I got in the habit of calling her Pegasa."

"But why?"

"Pegasa is the feminine of Pegasus."

"Yes, but"—

"And Pegasus was an immortal steed."

"I know that. But what has your wife got to do with it?"

"Well, an immortal steed is in plain terms an undying horse. And an undying horse is an everlasting nag. Now do you see?"

He saw and sympathized appropriately.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All In a Line.

"He's my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your fiance?"

"Papa says he is idle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Well Posted.

Teacher (in lesson on Holland)—Why, Willie, don't you know what country the geography lesson is about? Think hard. Who were the people who made war on skates? Willie—De Anti-saloon league.—Judge.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharin Gray.

One who was present at the hearing of the Suffrage Amendment before the Senate Committee on March 18 regarded it a rare privilege to meet with so large a body of fine, intelligent and well educated women as were gathered at that time in the Senate Chamber to present their arguments pro and con on the subject of woman suffrage. The wearers of the yellow jonquil, the flower adopted by the adherents of the cause were assembled on one side of the great room, and those who had selected the red rose, known as "the antis," took possession of the opposite side. There were three speakers on each side Dr. Anna Shaw being the most noted speaker in favor of suffrage, and Mrs. George of Brookline, Mass., the most prominent speaker on the anti-suffrage side. Senator McIlhenny presided at the meeting, and Mrs. Blankenburg responded to a call with a neat little speech. The debate consumed the time from 3:00 to 5:00 P. M., and at its close Senator McIlhenny promised that the Committee would give it early attention. The bill came up last week, but it was possible to secure postponement because of absence of 3 Senators and the death of another. The time set for its consideration is April 22. The battle which will decide its fate will be fought on the floor of the Senate and not in Committee. A full attendance of Senators is hoped for at that time.

The following note from Suffrage Headquarters at Harrisburg, together with items published in last week's Republican from the same source, will show the uncertain temper of the Senate in regard to the matter:

Pennsylvania Senators who are opposing the Rockwell equal suffrage resolution in the State Senate at Harrisburg do not like to be reminded of the platform pledges of their respective parties which they disregard. During one of the recent skirmishes over the Rockwell bill Senator A. W. Powell, of Allegheny, read the riot act to the Senators and called attention to the fact that all parties represented in the Senate are pledged to at least a referendum to the people of the equal suffrage proposition. This touched the quick of several Senators who have been violating their party platforms by opposing the suffrage referendum, notably Senator E. E. Beidleman, of Dauphin, Republican, and Senator E. M. Herbst, of Berks, Democrat. Each took issue with Senator Powell but neither met with much success and the passage-at-arms ended with Senators and others interested more than ever convinced of the justice of the stand which is being taken by the members of the legislature who are trying to send this important question before the public.

The following "Religious View of Female Suffrage" is quoted from The Baptist Standard, by The Richmond Virginian:

The Oriental idea of woman was and is that she is an emanation from man, a kind of appendage to masculinity. Her personality inheres in her father until she is married, than it passes to her husband. This idea formulated itself into custom, then into law. Learned and dignified persons cited the fact that woman was made of a rib taken from the side of the first man, and in this way to sustain their theory. They failed to note the further fact that the rib was taken entirely out and a new, distinct personality formed with a body, a mind and a soul all her own. The laws of England have grown up on this heathen conception. As late as 1853 a man under English law took his wife into a market place and sold her for twenty shillings and a dog. He wanted the dog, butinsisted that it would not be Christian to sell a woman simply for a dog.

Inheritance laws were made on that idea, under which a man controlled his wife's property, but she had no control of his nor hers after marriage. All the State churches of the world followed that notion, which virtually denied to woman a complete personality with complete rights of person and property. Legislation was framed from the masculine standpoint. It is yet to a shameful degree. American legislation is far more liberal to women than English legislation. Even up to now in the mother country an old maid who has outlived her father is very much like an odd piece of crockery—kept for the sake of association, but without a distinct place or mission.

The primal source of the pending evolution is the teaching of Jesus. He gave to woman an exalted place in his kingdom and work. He distinctly recognized her personality and treated her as a human unit, endowed with inalienable human rights. His churches followed his teachings. She took her place with her brother in the church to pray, pay, vote and do the ordinary acts of a responsible human being. That what is about to come has been delayed through the long centuries has been due to the smothering of the real spirit of liberty breathed into the New Testament by Jesus Christ, its divine author. The vast and cumberous imperial and hierarchical systems which have opposed humanity have been and are yet inimical to the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free—women as well as men.

We are to remember, too, that it has been not so many years since grave and thoughtful men argued that women are mentally inferior to men. No opportunities were offered women to try their power along with men. In recent years, however, great universities have been opened to both sexes on equal terms, and the women have done the rest. With larger liberty and enlightenment, women have shown their capacity to serve society in manifold ways, and men, more enlightened than formerly, have more and more welcomed their help in the many tasks of good citizenship, all of which has proven good for everybody. Nor should we lose sight of the economic revolution which, by the introduction of steam and machinery, has passed over the world, a revolution as irresistible as the attraction of gravity. The old life of seclusion is no longer possible for women, no matter what they might wish nor men fear. And following these changes the dearest interests of women are vitally affected by legislation more and more; interests that concern home, bread, rights in children, in property, and even virtue itself. All these things are in the hands of legislators, elected by men alone and many of the men interested in things detrimental to women. But beyond these things there is another factor of tremendous potency making for the rights of women. This is the day of democracy. The bonds that have bound the race to kingcraft and hierarchal programs have to an unprecedented degree been cast off. Whoever now, in pants or petticoats, claims special prerogatives for a class must show cause. There never was such an uncomfortable day for class notions. There never has been a day when so many people think in their own formulas. The atmosphere is clearer. The laws of social life are better understood. The spirit of him who is the light of the world is enlightening humanity. People everywhere are seeing that women are folks, under law, subject to punishment by law, compelled to bear the burdens of government, and fewer are able to see why they should be dumb-burden bearers. It is the broad spirit of Jesus, who gave woman her place as a complete human unit, working in modern civilization to realize the idea of the Master.

Many are moved forward by this spirit without knowing its source. I am not making a plea for female suffrage. I am telling why it is coming. To oppose it will prove futile. It is coming as the inexorable logic of events. There is a place for wisdom in directing the movement. When it comes I hope it will come along with a qualified intelligent vote for men and women alike. I hope it will come sanely to improve the ballot, not to simply broaden it. But it is coming, and with its coming will come a better social and political equilibrum as soon as time is had for adjustment of forces.

The Earl of Salisbury, when premier of Great Britain, replying to a delegation of suffragettes, gave his reason for favoring their cause. He spoke in about these words: "I am for woman's suffrage because I believe in a truly representative government. We have in parliament every interest of England represented except the greatest interest of all. We have the banking interest represented and the labor interest and the education interest and the farming interest and the religious interests; but not the home interest. The women would naturally represent home and childhood with the things next to them in their lives. I believe they would add a valuable element to the composite political life of England. Therefore I favor your cause."

This is the view of a noble English statement. It seems to have elements of truth in it. But the broad spirit of fairness makes a strong plea in the public mind. In a district in another State a vote was to be had on the fence or no fence law, whether all fences should come down and stock kept up, or vice versa. The largest farmer in the district was a woman. Ought she to have voted. The ethics of Jesus, expressed in the Golden Rule, will finally decide the contest or largely influence the decision. That rule applies to men and women alike. If men would not like to have their property taxed without a voice in it, it will be hard for them to work by the Golden Rule and want to tax the property of women and deny them a voice in t. Jesus Christ is the world's one consummate sociologist and statesman. Hi ideas are working their way through the human mass and will win. Hence the coming event.

Art Instincts of the Japanese.

Possibly the Greeks may have been endowed with a universal instinct for art production and art appreciation, but certain it is that there is no other nation today living in which artistic taste and aptitude are more generally diffused than in Japan. Not only are the commonest kitchen utensils molded into forms of exquisite beauty by Japanese artisans, but it is also very unusual to find even a coolie who is not in some way a capable artist. To this so competent an authority as Professor Chamberlin bears testimony in saying that it is to the common people that the foreigner in Japan must go for those lessons in proportion, fitness and sobriety which Greece once knew so well. Do you want flowers arranged? Ask your house coolie to arrange them. Is something wrong in the laying out of your garden? Call in the cook or the washerwoman as counselor. It makes little difference whom you consult, so universal is the development of the art instinct among the common people throughout the entire empire.—Arthur May Knapp in Atlantic.

Our First Shoemakers.

The great American industry of shoe manufacturing, which now amounts to $500,000,000 annually, appears to have had its beginning in Salem, Mass., when Thomas Beard and Isaac Rickerman, the first shoemakers of record in this land, settled there after the Mayflower had brought them over on her second voyage. They were adjudged so valuable an addition to the little colony that the selectmen voted to furnish them board and house room free. The shoemakers who first came to this country were most welcome men, for in the earliest settlements of New England boots and shoes were altogether an imported stock, and the rough land of the new country wore out even the strongest boots in short order. The growth of the shoe industry in the United States has kept pace with other lines of manufacture, and America manufactures the best shoes of any nation in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

No Crowding In English Cars.

Americans submit to being compelled to ride in cars so crowded that they get their feet trod on, their clothes torn and get no seats, but pay just as if there was no crowding and abundant comfort.

The Englishman is subjected to no such injustice. And why? Because when tramcars first came into vogue an Englishman found the passageway in a car filled with passengers. He did not submit. He went to court and got damages, the court saying in accents which are echoing in England yet:

"The carrier is obliged by law to furnish not only transportation, but comfortable transportation. This is no more performed by furnishing transportation without a seat than it would be by furnishing a seat without transportation. And this is not all—the passenger is entitled to free ingress and egress."—Houston Chronicle.

"Calling the Meat."

Extolling the virtues of the African "carrier," J. H. Harris in "Dawn In Darkest Africa" tells of a long caravan march through vast forests when food ran short. One of the natives suggested "calling the meat." Arriving at a quiet spot, a son of the forest fell on his knees, placed the tips of two fingers in his nostrils, "emitted a series of calls which made that forest glen echo with, as it were, the joyous cries of a troop of monkeys." When he had repeated these tactics in several places near by for about half an hour there was an excited cry of "Here they come!" And soon "a score of monkeys could be seen skipping from tree to tree toward the inimitable monkey cries of our carrier." Four were shot for the evening meal, and some of the men were so famished that they ate the flesh raw."

An Old Royal Romance.

Uskub, the capital of the old Servian empire, is associated with one of the few real love affairs of a Turkish sultan. It was here, after the fatal field of Kossovo, that Bajazet arranged terms of peace with the Servian King Stephen. One of the most important stipulations was that Stephen should hand over his sister, the Lady Despina as wife of the sultan. It was a lucky deal for the Servians, for we are told that "of all his wives the sultan held the Lady Despina dearest and for her sake restored her brother the city and castle of Semendria and Columbarium in Servia."

Placing Him.

"Naw, I don't want your patent can opener."

"A rare chance, madam."

"Don't want it."

"You'll regret your decision."

"Don't want it, I tell you."

"Opportunity, madam, knocks but once."

"Opportunity, eh? You look more like Importunity."—Washington Herald.

Why We Can See Smoke.

Smoke is not composed of gases only, but of solid or perhaps partly liquid particles, which are mixed with the gases and carried along by them. It is these particles of matter that are visible to the eye and not the gases themselves.—St. Nicholas.

A Present.

He—What are you going to give Kitty and Jack for a wedding present? She—Oh, I guess I'll send Kitty the bunch of letters Jack wrote me when we were engaged.—Boston Transcript.

If your face wants to smile let it; if it doesn't, make it.—Anon.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

is the greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cake and biscuit making. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable. It renders the food more digestible and guarantees it safe from alum and all adulterants.

Mt. Eagle

Billy Bowers, who is employed at State College, spent Sunday at his Grandma Leathers' home.

Mrs. Clara McCallion, of Howard, took supper Sunday evening with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Strickland.

Mr. Cramer, of Beech Creek, was in Mt. Eagle attending church last Sunday.

Howard township has a case of smallpox, so it is reported.

Clarence Leathers one morning recently caught as many mullets as he could carry.

The Mt. Eagle school closed last Friday for the term.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Aikey, of Bellwood, were arrivals on Sunday to attend the funeral of the former's uncle, the late Samuel B. Leathers.

The large attendance at the funeral of our esteemed fellow townsman, Samuel B. Leathers, on Monday, last, testified to the high regard in which he was held by all who knew him. There were thirty-five conveyances to carry the friends to the burial ground. At the time of his death Mr. Leathers was aged 87 years and 10 days. He was a splendid type of citizen and our community is better for his having lived among us.

Uncle Joshua Pheasant had some business to attend to in Bellefonte on Monday afternoon. He waited for the train until his patience was exhausted, when he started to make the trip on foot. He had the good fortune to be picked up by an automobilist along the road and landed in Bellefonte ahead of the train. When the automobilist asked him if he wanted to ride, Uncle Joshua replied: "Sure, I want a ride. I'll have good company even if you don't."

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Braan, of Curtin, took dinner last Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh Tha Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internallly and is made in Toledo, Ohio by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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PLEASANT GAP - - - PA.

Mahogany Logs From Africa.

The J. K. Rishel Furniture Company, on Monday received a shipment of three carloads of solid mahogany logs, the most valuable timber allotment which has made its way into the city for some time, says the Williamsport "Sun." The logs were cut in Africa by the natives and shipped to America by way of Liverpool. They measure from forty-four to thirty-two inches through and stretch out a car's length. The logs were loaded with the care bestowed upon other valuables, and came into the city in tip-top shape, ready for the saws at the Central Pennsylvania Lumber company mills.

Constipation causes headache, nausea dizziness, languor, heart palpitation Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.—Advt.

When Your Feet Ache

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample address, Allen S. Olmsted LeRoy, N. Y.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1913, under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, $1.50 per head per season. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe Pa. for any further information.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barre Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader**. You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow**, both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters**, with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons**, all sizes. **Gasoline Engines**. Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact--everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,
BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mrs. J. Will Mayes visited relatives in Pittsburgh during the last week.

Balser Weber was a business visitor to Williamsport Saturday.

D. W. Holter visited his brother, R. Bower Holter, in Bellefonte Sunday evening.

J. Will Mayes was in Bellefonte Saturday attending to business affairs.

George Pletcher is home from Dickinson Seminary after having the measles.

Shuman Williams and family, of Blanchard, spent Sunday at the home of I. R. Williams.

Prof. J. C. Weirick and wife, of Lock Haven, visited relatives in Howard, Sunday.

Prof. F. M. Pletcher opened a summer normal Monday for teachers and those preparing to teach. We were unable to learn the number of pupils.

There has been considerable talk lately of a new industry in Howard. If you can't boost don't knock.

Matthew Rodgers transacted business in State College Tuesday.

M. P. and J. L. Holter were Bellefonte visitors Tuesday.

A son was born Sunday morning to Mr. and Mrs John H. Wagner. It is now John Henry, Jr.

Lloyd Daughenbaugh, who is employed by the P. R. R. Company at Altoona, spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Lucy Shope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shope, and Reuben Heverly, of Blanchard, were married in Bellefonte, April 5th by Rev. Yocum of that place. This was a complete surprise to her many friends here who all join in wishing her happiness in the future. For the present she is at the home of her father on Main Street.

Sunday morning about 20 foreigners arrived here to work for Anderson Bros. on the contract work. They will be busy the greater part of the summer.

L. L. Williams and family have sold their household goods and departed for Florida where they expect to make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schenck, of West Union, Iowa, who have been visiting relatives in this community for two weeks, returned to their home last Wednesday.

Bernard Comerford, second son of J. A. and Louisa Lauth Comerford, died on Monday, April 14th. He had been in declining health for some time. He was born at St. Paul March 5, 1854, and was named after his grandfather, the late Bernard Lauth.

Arthur Long surprised his friends by uxexpectedly leaving for Detroit where he has accepted a permanent position. George Long, Herbert Pletcher and Horace Schenck are other Howard boys who hold good positions in that city.

Crosby Haves, of Curwensville, one of the representative millers of Clearfield County, while here on business, found time to call on his cousin, Mrs. A. A. Pletcher.

Joseph Shay has taken a position with Anderson Bros. at Summersville, New York and left Wednesday for that place.

G. L. Williams spent the fore part of the week in Philadelphia looking after business prior to opening his ice cream parlor and confectionery.

Matthew Walker and wife, of Northumberland, visited friends here over Sunday.

Last Wednesday morning Albert Schenck, one of the progressive farmers of this section, sold seven fine beef cattle, which tipped the scales at seven thousand pounds to Mr. Gettig, of Bellefonte Mr. Schenck derives much profit from this source yearly.

The carelessness of the train men was again demonstrated at this place last Wednesday morning. The truck which is used for conveying the baggage and express from the depot to the trains was loaded and standing along track No. 2 awaiting the arrival of train No. 51, when local freight came in on track No. 2 and hit the truck, after being flagged three times. The train crew evidently were not watching and the result would have been the same had a person been standing there.

The schools have closed for this term and reports are favorable considering the handicapped conditions.

The schools have been over-crowded and the proper amount of time could not be given for a recitation. Next year we expect to have a longer term and a consolidation of schools. A larger play ground for the children would please both scholars and teachers and would enable the scholars to compete in athletics with neighboring schools.

Mary Kessinger, Lee Tice, George Friel, Willard Neff and Austin Allison deserve great credit for not missing a day of school during the term just closed and no doubt they will receive same in future years.

The pupils of the intermediate school very agreeably surprised their teacher, Miss Fisher, at the home of Mrs. DeHaas, last Tuesday evening. The children were kept busy and happy by playing various games until 9 o'clock when refreshments were served. At 10 o'clock they departed for their homes delighted with the good time and wishing that Miss Fisher would come back in the fall. Those present were: Julia Daughenbaugh, Gladys Snyder, Elizabeth Wolf, Vonada Johnson, Violet Strunk, Marion Cooke, Verda Thompson, Rosetta Schenck, Esther Strunk, Jennie Quay, Carrie Quay, Catherine Pletcher, Bessie Wyland, Charlotte Kurtz, Helen Krape, Rosetta Knarr, Pearl Confer, Julia Long, Edith Pletcher, Adaline Williams, Elsie Lewis, Anna Leitch, Edwin Robb, Willard Neff, Richard Hoffman, Kenneth Snyder, Walter Kurtz, Stanley Wagner, Lester Walizer, Austin Allison, Roy Diehl, Paul Shay, Morris Shay, Lee Tice, Harold Mayes, Donald Shay and Victor Johnson.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.—Advt.

Fenway's Maple Walnuts, 10c at Green's.

Port Matilda.

Miss Ella Cowher spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Farber, of Altoona, were pleasant visitors at Gilbert Eller's on Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Graham, Jr., and baby Margaret, of Newton Hamilton, are spending some time at her parental home, while her husband is confined in the Nason Sanitarium at Roaring Springs, having undergone a successful operation for appendicitis.

Prof. Rothrock's Summer Normal opened Monday with very good attendance and brightest prospects for a most pleasant and successful term. He is a first class instructor.

Mrs. Alice Cann has opened up a sewing room in the old "Willow Tree Store" building. She also carries a good line of millinery and ladies' furnishings.

Harold Bennet spent several days in Tyrone last week.

Grover Lytle is now an extra operator and may be seen in various places at his work.

Eugene Dayton, of Vail, was seen in town recently. Wonder what the attraction is, Billy?

Mrs. W. E. Williams made an extended visit with relatives in Tyrone during the past few weeks.

Rev. W. H. Williams, wife and family, of Blandburg, are visiting relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Benner Turner shopped in Tyrone Monday.

H. C. Woodring, our genial hotel proprietor, spent a short time with his daughter, Mrs. Neil Benn in Tyrone recently.

Miss Ida Turner left Monday morning for Osceola to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Eli Cowher.

Rev. Mr. Cook, the new Methodist Episcopal minister, has preached two very interesting sermons. Come to service next Sabbath morning at 10.30. You will be much benefitted.

Preaching services in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning at 10.30, conducted by Rev. Mr. Carson.

Miss Nannie B. McCloskey Dead.

Miss Nannie Baird McCloskey, of Mill Hall, died on Saturday morning of last week at Denver, Colorado, from tuberculosis. Deceased was a daughter of the late Dr. J. B. and Jennie W. McCloskey and was born at Mill Hall August 12, 1870. She was a member of the class of 1896 at the Lock Haven State Normal School. Surviv ng are an aunt and stepmother, the latter being Mrs. Mary W. McCloskey, of Lock Haven. Two brothers and one sister also survive: W. B. McCloskey of Orviston; Prevost McCloskey, of Philadelphia, and Miss Lavana McCloskey, of Lock Haven. Following services at Denver the body was cremated, in compliance with a a request of the deceased. The ashes were brought to Lock Haven and interred in the Cedar Hill cemetery.

Pine Grove Mills.

The prolonged wet weather has brought farming to a standstill.

Hersel Harpster and George Kustaborder, of WarriorsMark, spent Sunday at the Henry Houck home.

Sheriff Lee spent Monday in town on a friendly mission.

F. B. Tate is now enrolled as a student at the Susquehanna University to still better fit him for teaching.

Miss Ethel Dunlap, after a two days stay at the Lock Haven Normal, returned home on Friday.

After an all winter stay in Tyrone and Altoona G. T. Miller's folks are back at the old quarters and housekeeping as usual.

Last Friday H. N. Koch signed up and took over the undertaking business of H. F. Grebe at State College. The latter intends embarking in the mercantile business as soon as he gets his business affairs lined up hereabouts.

After an illness of many months Grandmother Hubler is now some better.

Miss Myra Kimport is in the city getting a fresh supply of the latest styles in head gear.

The popular Berks County drover was here last week and bought a car load of fresh cows. Ed. Ebey is the man.

Alvin Corl and L. H. Sunday have had Commericial phones installed in their homes.

James Cummins and wife, of Belleville; I. N. Bell and wife, of Spruce Creek, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland were greeting old friends here last week.

Dr. W. S. Glenn, who was housed up for several days, has resumed active practice.

L. D. Fye, the merchant, has a 1914 five-passenger Ford car and is helping mix the mud while old Dobbin is idly at the manger enjoying a brief rest.

Last Wednesday evening a farewell party was held at the Meyers home, Fairmount Avenue, State College, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sheesley, who are about leaving for their new home down in Dixie Land.

George Porter has returned from the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia and his eyesight is much improved.

Judson Neidigh last week went to Lock Haven, where he has a job with Mr. Good. We know he will "make good,"

Mrs. George Porter, of Altoona, is visiting friends hereabouts, the first visit since she became Mrs. Porter.

Mrs. Alfrette Goss came down from Altoona and is visiting relatives in and nearby town.

Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, visited over Sunday here, which is his birthplace.

Rev. L. S. Spangler will preach to the Odd Fellows on Sunday evening, next, in the Lutheran church.

Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Mrs. D. C. Krebs enjoyed a drive over from State College on Thursday and spent the day with friends in town.

J. H. Decker, Torrey Williams, John Shuey and wife, Mrs. Milton Shuey, Professor and Mrs. Rothrock; George Houtz, Howard Brooks, E. E. Houtz, H. B. Harro and wife and James Stover were among the visitors here last Friday evening.

J. H. Miller flitted to the James I. Thompson farm last Friday and will be Mr. Thompson's right hand man on the farm.

Rev. J. C. Kelley in his usually forcible manner very ably filled his old pulpit in Graysville church last Sunday morning and his old parishioners extended him a royal welcome. He found but few members who were present when he was ordained pastor forty-three years ago. Some have moved away, others have passed over the River Jordan. The Reverend looks hale and hearty and is good for many years to come.

Mrs. Bertha Leasch, o. Zion, has been visiting relatives in this section, stopping with her aunt, Mrs. Sallie Fortney, who is recovering from her fall and a broken hip and who is now able to be about on crutches.

Mrs. Samuel P. McWilliams, of Cannonsburg, has been a most welcome visitor at the G. W. McWilliams home, where she found G. Wash able to go about as usual. After some six months illness Mrs. J. E. Henry, of Cannonsburg, now has charge of the cullinary department and affairs in general at the McWilliams home.

W. K. Corl and wife, S. I. Corl and wife and Waldo Corl and wife were Sunday visitors at the Mac Fry home.

Washington Grange held an unusually interesting session Saturday evening. The eatables were served by the lady members. The subject of potato culture was discussed.

Last Saturday George States and lady friend, Miss Sue Bathurst, both of Graysville, slipped away to Cumberland, Md., where they were made man and wife on Monday and returned home on Tuesday. They are now receiving congratulations at the States home.

The building committee for the new Lutheran church to be erected this summer are: Rev. L. S. Spangler, Mathias Rider, J. R. Lemon, Isaac Rider, W. H. Barr and J. Cal. Gates. All persons who wish to contribute will remit to Mr. Gates, Penna. Furnace, Pa.

Ray Williams, who is just a beginner as a farmer, has had more than his share of hard luck. Of his three horses one has died and another has a crippled shoulder which will lay it up for several months.

Candy Lovers Prefer Liggett's

Liggett's Chocolates are the realization of all that is best in the world of fine confections. They represent perfection in the art of chocolate making. The most scrupulous care of the most skilful confectioners—the choicest ingredients procurable—the daintiest, most fascinating flavors ever devised—boxes that are a delight to the artistic soul—these are some of the things that make Liggett's Chocolates preferred above all others by ever candy lover who has ever tasted them. They truly are "the sweetest story ever told." A taste, and you want more. Pounds, 80 cents ½ pounds 40 cents

Fenway's Chocolates	30 and 60c.
" Cocktails	25c.
" Peppermints	10c,
" Maple Walnuts	10c.

Sold in this community only at our store. The Rexall Store.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetitie, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Bood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunburg, Ohio.—Advt.

Administrator s Notice.

Estate of C. D. Miller, late of Ferguson Township, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

M. L. MILLER
CLAUDIUS B. HESS
H. C. Quigley, Att'y — Administrators.
Bellefonte, Pa. — Pa. Furnace, Pa

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.16
Butter, per pound	.32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.—Advt.

Dwelling House FOR SALE

Located in Milesburg Borough.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

House has two stories and finished attic. Light heat and bath Buildings include Garage, Summer House, Stable, large Chicken pen. Inquire of or address

MRS. ADA B. BULLOCK,
State College, Pa.

Also 5 acre field located about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR SALE—Piano in good condition, cheap. Inquire at 240 E. Lamb Street.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Full blood Pekin ducks. Inquire of G. M. DUBBS, Bellefonte Pa. 3-19-3t.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.
F. W. CRIDER.

FOR SALE—4 Holstein Freisian cows, springers; also calves of both sexes bred from registered Holstein Freisian bull. R. D. MUSSER, Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.
T. F. Lons,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Eight head cows and young cattle; one cow fresh and two fresh soon; one team farm horses, weigh 2800. Call on or address, W. T. HARPER, Unionville, Pa., P. O. Address, Fleming, Pa.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075.
Bellefonte, - - - Pa

Are you one of those fellows who considers himself *built different?*

If you are really out of shape you are not a candidate for ready-made clothes. But we guarantee to fit any normal man.

You see how our clothes look on you before you pay a cent; you are sure of more authentic styling and much better workmanship than you can secure in custom-made clothes for several dollars more.

Ready-to-wear clothes-making has developed to a fine art, and our asssortment is of the finest.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over."

Start right this spring. Try one of our Styleplus suits at $17. You get every essential of good clothes and the price isn't ***stiff.*** You will feel right in a Styleplus. It will not only fit you well but you will like the drape of the coat, the free flowing lapels that create the atmosphere of correct dress.

The materials are pretty fabrics of all wool carefully cut and finely made. The service is guaranteed. You have something to learn about dressing better for less money if you haven't seen our new spring models. Styleplus models are in the window. One of our salesmen will explain how the values are possible for the price if you will just step in.

CLASTER'S

CRIDER'S EXCHANGE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

WAVERLY

for highest quality in
GASOLINES
(power without carbon)
Family Favorite Oil
"the clear, bright flame"
LUBRICANTS
for all purposes
Free--320 page book--all about oil
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

HOW PIPES ARE MADE

From One Block Bowls of Different Qualities Are Obtained.

Some men have been known to pay any price, from $6 to $10, for a briar pipe. Special sizes run up to $25 and $30. On the other hand, thousands of smokers can buy genuine imported briar root pipes, made in the same factory by the same workmen that turn out the fancy priced goods, for half a dollar, and even for a quarter. The 25 cent pipe will burn tobacco just as well as any $30 pipe that ever was turned out.

Pipe manufacturing is the most reckless form of speculation. The manufacturer buys his blocks of briar root "sight an' unseen," as the children say. He runs the entire contents of the bag through the factory, giving each piece exactly the same treatment as all the rest expending an equal amount of skill and care on each piece, then looks to see what he drew.

Speaking in averages, says the United States Tobacco Journal, he finds that out of each gross of finished pipes there are two dozen that can be sold as "firsts," six dozen that will pass as "seconds," two dozen that must go for "thirds" that will retail in the department stores at 9 to 19 cents, while the remaining two dozen finished pipes must go down to the furnace to be used for fuel. If it is his lucky day the manufacturer may find a single perfect pipe in the gross.

The perfect pipe, you understand, is without flaw and has a beautiful uniform birdseye marking all over; or better yet, a perfectly straight even grain alike on all sides running vertically. The latter is exceedingly rare. English smokers appreciate these perfect pipes and are willing to pay a round price for them. The Englishman wants all the value in the bowl of his briar. The bit must be plain vulcanite with a plain silver band.

It takes a lot of work to make a briar pipe and it also requires money. A pipe warehouse carries an average stock of 6,000 to 8,000 bags of briar root blocks, each bag containing six to eight gross of blocks, each block representing material for one pipe. The contents of each bag are counted and recorded. For every block issued from the warehouse a finished pipe must be delivered at the sorting room. Each man who handles a lot gives a receipt on the next man who handles it. If a block is missing the man in whose possession the lot is when the shortage is discovered must pay for it. No matter how worthless a piece is seen to be it cannot be thrown out or laid aside, but must go through each process along with the rest.

First the blocks go to the sawyers, who trim them down to approximate size with circular saws. Then the blocks must be kiln dried in a very carefully regulated temperature for six to eight weeks. Briar root, if not properly handled, will warp and check worse than a cottonwood board, which is supposed to hold the record in that line.

For the bulldog pipe the seasoned block goes through five operations by as many different men before it is ready for finishing. The first man bores the bowl, turns the upper half of the bowl in a lathe, which does all these things at once very rapidly. The next man shapes the lower part of the bowl, the next in two passes over a saw trims up the shank, another man finishes the inside of the bowl, another bores the hole in the shank and then four different men sandpaper the pipe.

For other shapes the operations are reduced in number, but are more elaborate. For each shape an iron pattern must be made. This pattern is part of the shaft on which the block is held. The operator after putting in a block pays no more attention to it, but devotes his skill to the pattern, which he turns until every part comes in contact with a steel disk. When this is done he finds that the block has been brought in contact with a cutting tool which has blocked out a pipe, which then goes to the sandpapers.

Next the pipes go to the graders, who assort them into different qualities and send the worthless ones down to the furnace. The first step in the finishing process is polishing with powdered pumice stone and oil on a swiftly revolving buffing wheel. Another operator repeats the process with tripoli. In another room a man taking a pipe in each hand souses them into lye for a couple of seconds to take off the oil used with the pumice stone, then gives them a second bath in a stain. After drying, three polishers, one after the other, gradually buff the pipes up to the beautiful finish so much admired in a fine briar.

Still there is much to do. A part of the higher grade, where they are bedecked with gold or silver thingumbobs to suit the curious taste of a certain type of smoker. All must be fitted with bits of amber, vulcanite or bone. Each pipe goes through the hands of half a dozen men, each of whom performs a single operation. Each bit and bowl is ground toto a perfect fit.

Also every pipe is tested in a mould to make sure that each one of every given style is exactly the same size as all others of that style. The completed pipes go to the case department, where they are fitted in cases and stamped with their trade name. Then they are again graded and finally packed for shipment.

The best grades go to New Haven, Cambridge, Princeton and other university towns, for the university man has a better taste in pipes than any other class in this country. They appreciate the beauty of a fine piece of briar and are willing to pay for it.

WHERE NEGRO WIT WON

Fooling a Western Highwayman Who Was a Good Shot.

The reporter on his matutinal round in the Custom House, says the Louisville Post, found United States District Attorney George DuRelle a few days ago bemoaning the loss of an old fashioned pistol, one of the Judge's most prized possessions for a quarter of a century and to which there is appended a story of the same mellow age. The pistol was purloined some time last week, and as the Judge was telling a reporter about its history when he last saw it he promptly began crosss-questioning the reporter as to the pistol's whereabouts.

The story appended to the pistol is that of how a negro showed more wit than two white men and was rewarded by the Government, whereby Judge DuRelle came into possession of the pistol.

About twenty-five years ago, when Judge DuRelle was Assistant District Attorney, a fat mail carrier was held up at the point of that very pistol while the highwayman slit the mail sack and took what he desired. The mail carrier came back in tears to report the occurrence and three men, two white and one colored, understanding that Uncle Sam rewarded men for the apprehension of mail robbers, started out upon the hot trail of the felon.

It happened that the robber, not expecting such hasty pursuit, was walking along peaceably and the three men soon overtook him just as he was on the point of entering a wood. The felon, some distance ahead of the three, spied a squirrel in a treetop, drew a pistol from his pocket and brought bunny tumbling down with a bullet hole through his skull.

Immediately, says Judge DuRelle, the two white men lost interest in the reward and started home for supper. The negro, however, had an idea and put it to work. He caught up with the robber, walked along with him a piece and soon saw another squirrel in a treetop.

"Bet you can't hit that one," scoffed the negro.

That one also came down with a hole in his head. Soon a third squirrel was seen in a third treetop.

"Bet you can't do that again," sneered the negro.

The felon shot with the same result as before. Then the negro went into ecstasies about the pistol and asked to see the rifling of it. The robber coolly handed it over and shortly afterward was retracing his steps headed for the nearest jail.

Judge DuRelle prosecuted the case, sent the malefactor to the penitentiary and finally came into possession of the revolver. He missed it at once.

The reporter, anxious to remove from himself the stigma of housebreaking or petit larceny, said he would use the story, so that the purloiner would feel properly ashamed of himself and return the stolen property with incontinent haste.

"No use to do that," said Judge DuRelle. "Anybody who would take that pistol couldn't read."

Winter Wheat.

Bradstreet's Report says: Excellent reports as to winter wheat find confirmation in the government report, showing a condition of 91.6 on April 1 this year, as against 80.6 a year ago. The April 1 condition report was, indeed, the highest percentage reported since 1905, and with that exception, better than in any year since 1903. Nothing as to abandoned acreage is known as yet, but this is not expected to be large, and a tentative estimate of yield of 500,000,000 bushels, a record amount, is easily reached. Especially good comparisons with a year ago are made by the central states east of the Mississippi, which a year ago were in poor shape.

Rents High in Clearfield.

The "Clearfield Republican" says: Strange, but true, house rents are higher in Clearfield than in Philadelphia. Modern, delightfully located, thoroughly equipped brick houses in the Quaker City can be had any day at lower prices than are daily demanded for much inferior houses in this town. And right here it is pertinent to remark, that nothing retards the honest growth of a town or city more than does extortionate rent rates and exhorbitant prices for real estate.

REBUILT CARS
ON EASY PAYMENTS

$200 to $900

Guaranteed for One Year

$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.

Touring Cars, Roadsters, Runabouts, Trucks

65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free

Craig-Centre Auto Co., Inc.

Largest Dealers of High Grade used cars

Craig Street at Centre Avenue **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Agents wanted everywhere

Postical Inspiration.

Congressman E. W. Townsend of New Jersey, author of "Chimmie Fadden," told a yarn of poetical inspiration which is weird, to say the least. He was paying his first visit to Honolulu, some twenty-five years ago, and was greeted at the wharf by Charles Dana Stoddard, one of his close personal friends. Townsend had decided to go to one of the local hotels and Stoddard tried to dissuade him, desiring him to live at a bungalow high up Nuuanu valley, which the poet had occupied for some months. He described its charms as follows:

"Ed, it's the most beautiful spot in the world. Sitting on the front porch you can look down the valley, over the wonderful flowering trees, groves of cocoanut palms and poincianas, to the sea, with its hundreds of shades of color, from gray to the deepest blue of heaven. And for poetical inspiration I can sit on my back porch, where I do my work, and throw the ashes from my cigarette on the graves of two suicides."—New York World.

Testing Tea by Burning It.

"I bought tea the other day at a Japanese store," said the young housekeeper. "The proprietor saw that I had doubts about the quality, so he darted back to the rear of the store. I expected him to return with a cup of steaming tea, but he brought a small ash tray and match. He threw a pinch of tea into the tray, touched it with a lighted match and watched it burn. Then he applied the same test to another brand of tea that had claimed my half hearted allegiance. The first sample showed only a small flake of ashes, the second three times as much.

"'Which shows,' said he, 'that the first tea is the best. That is an infallible test. The better the tea the fewer the ashes. I invite all my customers to test tea that way before buying.'

"I took the ashless tea, of course. Since then I have wondered what the average American grocer would say if his customers should apply a lighted match to their tea canister before giving an order."—Washington Star.

Telling the Time In Turkey.

In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare, and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then, folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shade cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupil is round. At 9 and 3 o'clock it is oval, and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.—Buffalo Express.

Satisfying Honor In India.

They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marawaris in India, now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the thakur, or household god, was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished, honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

The Criterion of Danger.

The Duke of Wellington once drove Sir George Warrender from Windsor in his carriage. The duke drove so fudiously that Sir George, dreading every moment that a terrible collision would occur, begged him not to drive so fast.

"Pooh, pooh!" said his grace. "Where there is no fear there is no danger."

"My dear duke," replied Sir George, "if fear is the criterion of danger for heaven's sake stop and let me get out, for I was never in such a funk in my life."—London Mail.

Not Afraid.

Recruiting Officer—You realize the danger before you? You are not afraid of having horses shot under you? Society Recruit—Me? I had two motor boats explode under me, three autos start over me and an aeroplane fall with me during the past social season alone.—Puck.

A Dreadnought.

"I was talking to Diggby this morning about the latest Dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Diggby married one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Kindness.

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love—make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

His Obligations.

Wigg—The trouble with Harduppe is that he doesn't meet his obligations. Wagg—Meet them? He wouldn't recognize them if he did.—Philadelphia Record.

No one has any more right to go through life unhappy than he has to go through it ill bred.

Wrongly Labeled.

The author of "Two Years in the Forbidden City," the Princess Der Ling, was a lady in waiting at the court of the famous empress dowager of China. Her majesty, the princess tells us, had an excellent estimate of herself. "I have often thought," she once confessed, "that I am the most clever woman that ever lived and that others cannot compare with me."

Notwithstanding this favorable opinion, there were interesting lapses in universal knowledge, as when Miss Carl painted her portrait, and her majesty noticed the artist's signature in the corner of the canvas.

"Well, I know foreigners do some funny things," she remarked, "but I think this is about the funniest I ever heard of. Fancy putting her name on my picture. This will naturally convey the impression that it is a portrait of Miss Carl and not a portrait of myself at all."

Even after the princess—who was of western education—had explained, and the empress had consented to allow the signature to remain, she was anything but satisfied.

Don't Be Too Expert.

Having graduated from a business college with honors, the young man thought himself competent to tackle any problem in banking that could be learned without actual experience, but the old clerk knew better.

"Can you make an erasure so neatly that it would take an expert to tell where it had been done?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, with conscious pride.

"Well, for heaven's sake don't tell your prospective employer so or you will be looking for a job this time next year," the old clerk said.

"Employers are afraid of too much skill in that direction. It gives such enormous opportunities for fraud that they will fight shy of hiring you.

"I found that out in my young days. I also was an expert with the ink eraser and proudly proclaimed my accomplishment. Finally when I found myself facing the starvation mark I vowed to resist and have held a good position ever since."—New York Times.

Advertising Brought Up to Date.

The president of a Pittsburgh savings bank called in his advertising man one morning and said:

"What this institution wants is some striking advertising material, something that has a thought in it, something that will catch the eye and command the mind. Fix me up an ad that will make a hit when it is published in the morning papers."

Two hours later the advertising man laid this on the bank president's desk:

"If Elijah were living today there would be no ravens to feed him. That brand of raven has gone to roost forever.

"The only bird that will feed you now is the eagle on the American dollar. Catch the eagles. Save the dollars. If you do you and your family will never starve. You will have Elijah backed off the boards."—Popular Magazine.

No Answer Handy.

This is only worth the telling, writes a correspondent, because it contains a retort which, though a triumph of inconsequence, seems to me quite unanswerable. I happened to be reading some obvious newspaper proofs in a train when the good natured man next to me, with the intention no doubt of making himself agreeable, asked, "Ah, are you connected with the press?" I intimated briefly and perhaps not over courteously that it was none of his business. He persisted that it was a quite civil inquiry, which I met with the remark that I had not asked him whether he was a clerk or a shop assistant. As he was obviously neither, this nettled him. "If I knew," he said, "what newspaper you belong to I would never buy it again."—London Chronicle.

Thackeray and Dickens.

This is the way George Henry Lewes once characterized Thackeray and Dickens in the way of service to a friend: Dickens, he said, would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you. He would spend a whole day, for instance, in looking for the most suitable lodgings for you and would spare himself neither time nor fatigue. Thackeray would take two hours' grumbling indecision and hesitation in writing a two line testimonial, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give you a handful of gold and bank notes if you wanted them.

Bonus.

"Bonus" ought to be "bonum," since it is evidently intended to mean "a good thing" and therefore should be neuter, not masculine. The word is is found as early as 1773, but no one knows who was the ignorant or willful sinner against Latin that introduced it, though conjecture assigns it to the London Stock Exchange.

Tidy.

"Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

Strategy.

Tommy—Pop, what is strategy? Tommy's Pop—Strategy, my son, consists of finding out our neighbor's weakness before he finds out ours.—Philadelphia Record.

No one loves the man whom he fears.—Aristotle.

Signs Rotten Egg Bill.

The bill presented in the Legislature by Senator Enos M. Jones, of Altoona, requiring rotten eggs to be dosed with kerosene before being offered for sale has been approved by Governor Tener and is effective at once. This act puts an end to the rotten egg traffic which has grown up in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and some other cities and which the efforts of the state dairy and food division have been aimed to suppress.

The eggs are known to the trade as "rots" and "spots" and it was found that in Philadelphia there was an organized business of handling them, and sales were traced to bakeshops. The eggs were sold by the crate and after being broken and their contents assorted according to degree of decomposition were treated with chemicals to kill the stench and then sold in cans.

The kerosene treatment will make the use of rotten eggs impossible for food and restrict their use to tanners and tother manufacturing lines. The act provides that "the shells of all eggs that may be unfit for food shall first be removed or broke by smashing or otherwise so as to premit a free impregnation of the whole egg substance by the denaturing fluid."

Violations of the act are made a misdemeanor punishable by a fine under the pure food act.

Governor Tener has also approved the senate bill amending the state highway act of 1901 so that the highway commissioner can take over turnpikes for main system roads and agree upon the price later on. The act of 1901 contained a provison for condemnation of turnpikes included in the main road system which was found not to operate easily. The bill approved gives the state right of eminent domain to take over such roads, the remuneration for owners to be determined upon later by legal proceedings and a board of viewers.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great tonic laxative. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

Stop That Itch!

I will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

No remedy that I have ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than the

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema

I guarantee this remedy.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

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Is carrying a sufficient amount o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company o New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

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RENTS COLLECTED.

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If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

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Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures.

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and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Increase Your Crops

Use Central Pennsylvania Lime!

Some Farmers have actually doubled their crops by the use of "H. O."

Drill it for quick results, if you are not Getting Results use "H. O." Lime.

We are the Largest Manufactures of LIME in Pennsylvania Ground Limestone and Lime for all purposes. Write for literature on Lime.

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your money grows when placed in a wideawake, progressive bank like this. The man who never saves a cent has a hard lot in prospect when his earning ability has gone. Leave your dimes and dollars with us and see them grow at three per cent. interest.

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By Wireless

A Story Illustrating a Theory

By EDWARD KENTON

A great deal has been spoken or written about the power of the imagination. Certain stories are said to be great imaginary works or wonders of originality. Then we hear it stated that truth is stranger than fiction. Certainly it is, for the imagination is simply the weaving together of certain truths. In other words, imagination is not a thing of itself, but a blending of things.

This is as clear as a stack of black cats seen through an impenetrable fog, isn't it? Well, listen to the story I have to tell and possibly you shall see the cats through the fog. A little light may at the outset be cast on my proposition by the statement that a quarter of a century ago there could have been no such story. No brain could have imagined it. And yet in the beginning of this twentieth century, after man had existed on the earth many thousands of years, I have passed through experiences which if they could have been conceived of in the nineteenth century would have been considered highly imaginative.

But to my story. I was wireless operator on the Tartaric, an ocean liner. We had left a strike of seamen in port and were provided with not more than half a crew. The consequence was that before we were long out they had been worked to a condition that many of them, yielding to a natural requirement, were sinking to sleep at their posts.

The night was fine, the stars blinked overhead, but a thin mist had settled on the surface of the water. I was in my wireless office waiting for another half hour to pass before shutting it up and turning in. Suddenly I felt a shock. Like a flash of the electric current I handled came a realization of what had happened. The watch in the crow's nest had gone to sleep and we had collided with either an iceberg or a ship. I sprang to the door of my cubby hole, threw it open and saw a great black hulk drifting slowly away from us. I had been right in my diagnosis. The watch had gone to sleep, the signals of an approaching vessel had not been seen, and we had collided.

What became of the ship we struck we did not know at the time. She had passed away from us in a sinking condition and went to the bottom. Upon examination of our own vessel an immense hole was found to have been made in the side, and there was danger of the bulkhead separating the compartment from the next giving way.

How I sat for three hours at my instrument repeating the letters C Q D (Come quick—danger) and giving our latitude and longitude, how ships sped toward us, how they came too late, has been told in other similar cases, and I will not dwell upon them. One thing I will mention, and only one. Among those who during those anxious hours from time to time crowded around my booth, inquiring by anxious looks if succor was coming, I was struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed under far better control than the others. She asked me how long I would stick to my instrument, and I replied, "Till it can no longer be worked." An interest in me and the responsibility resting upon me seemed to override a sense of her own personal danger.

When the ship had gone down, floating in the water I seized an improvised raft that had lost its occupant. I saw by the light of early dawn the face of this girl turned toward me with an appeal for help. My support was barely enough for one, but I could not resist that appeal. I extended a hand and pulled her aboard.

From the raft we were taken into a boat in which were only three other persons alive, and they died during the long period in which we were exposed. I lived, and the girl barely lived. Then came a wind that blew in westward, and at last we were overturned in breakers. How in my weakened condition I managed to drag my companion beyond the waves I do not know.

On looking about me, what was my astonishment to see not far away a wireless station, its uprights extending far up toward the clouds. Not knowing where we were, I could not tell what station it was. No one was near with whom to leave the girl that I might bring succor. Indeed, I did not know whether I was on an island or the mainland or whether the place was inhabited.

Nevertheless there was but one thing for me to do—leave her and go for help. On approaching the station I was surprised not to see any one. Glancing up at one of the posts, I saw that it had been shivered, doubtless by lightning. Entering the operating hut, there lay the dead body of a man. I surmised that he had been killed by the bolt that had struck the post.

There were supplies on hand, and, taking what I needed to revive my companion, I returned to her, and, after getting her into condition to warrant a removal, I carried her to the station. She could not walk from weakness and the pain she suffered from a fracture of one of her arms that she had received while exposed on the water. Upon reaching the station I laid her upon the bed that had been used by the operator, and then for the first time I was enabled to look about me.

The station was a new one and, though not furnished, was in working order. I made a tour of observation to the westward and discovered that it was located on an island when the tide was high and a peninsula when it was low.

I called up the wireless station on Cape Cod and learned that I was on the Canadian shore at a latitude far north. I reported the killing of the operator either by lightning or otherwise and was directed to assume charge of the station, since it would be impossible to send any one to me for some time, the station being in a wilderness and very inaccessible.

After communicating with the management I returned to my charge and received from her an account of herself. She was an orphan and had been on her way to America to take a position. Her name was Harriet Mainwaring. While I was getting these facts I was examining her arm which had been crushed, and I did not like the looks of it. Since there was no surgeon at hand I made calls on the wireless instrument and received a reply from a ship some 200 miles at sea. I asked the operator if there was a surgeon aboard, and at his reply that there was I begged him to call the doctor to the wireless office.

Upon being notified that the doctor was present I described the appearance of Miss Mainwaring's arm, and, after answering several questions asked by the doctor, I was informed that it was evident gangrene was setting in and if the arm was not amputated the patient would probably die.

The situation was distressing—either amputation or death and no surgeon to amputate. After some further electrical talk the surgeon asked me what tools I had, and I replied that there was a chest containing carpenters' tools of all kinds at the station, whereupon he gave me the process of cutting off a person's arm. After familiarizing me with this he told me to bring the patient as near the wireless instrument as possible and prepare to perform the necessary operation under his direction.

I shall not describe the amputation, which occasioned the most dreadful strain I ever endured. I felt a temporary relief when I had secured the end of the severed artery, but feared to see my patient collapse after I had finished. I made a frightful bungle of it, especially the administering of the stimulant in lieu of an anaesthetic, which I did not possess. For days I wondered if my patient would pull through, though I confess she gained strength rapidly.

She had come into a fair condition, and still no one appeared at the station to relieve me. I asked the superintendent repeatedly how long I was to be left alone, but got only promises that were destined to be broken. What especially troubled me was that I was living alone with a young woman who was not my wife, and I knew that when we returned to the world this would be a reflection upon her. Moreover, it was plain that she realized the disadvantage of our position.

Nothing will so endear persons to each other as suffering together. Miss Mainwaring had an additional cause for being drawn to me in that I had possessed the nerve to perform a surgical operation that had saved her life under the guidance of a man many hundreds of miles away. It was not long before I told her that for my part I desired our companionship should not be broken, and she confessed blushingly that she would gladly consent to be my wife were there any person present to perform the ceremony.

To continue to live together, the only two persons at the station, without wedlock was neither practicable nor proper. I proposed that we should marry ourselves by a mutual agreement to be man and wife. This, she averred, would be no marriage at all. She considered wedlock to be a religious rite and would not think of matrimony in any other form. I urged that my plan was the best we could do under the circumstances, but could not move her.

Then suddenly an idea struck me. If a surgical operation could be performed by wireless telegraph, why not a marriage? I ran to my instrument and began to call for ships, finally receiving a response from one that had but that day set out from the coast of Africa bound for Boston. I inquired if there were a clergyman on board and was informed that the bishop of Dahomey, a full blooded negro, was a passenger.

I went at once to Harriet and told her that here was an opportunity. She gasped at the idea of being married by a negro some 2,000 miles away, but I finally prevailed and, returning to the instrument, called for the bishop and asked him to perform the ceremony. He consented, and, Harriet standing by me before the instrument, the operator at sea sent the service read by the bishop, and I replied on my key for Harriet and myself.

Thus had a life been saved and two persons made one by means of a force operated through the air. My wife and I spent our honeymoon at the station and did not regret that we were not intruded upon by others.

I think by my illustration I have made plain that imagination is nothing but the weaving together of facts. Moreover, the facts I have stated could not have taken place before the invention of wireless telegraphy. In other words, they could not have been created by the imagination before they had become real, which is not imagination.

The Gamy Bluefish.

The bluefish is one of the gamest fish that swim. Take him on light tackle, and you have done something to be proud of; take him on the recognized hand line, and you have performed a feat that will give you a thrill of pleasure when memory takes you bluefishing. He is a fighter from Bulldogville and, being free from all restrictions, makes no distinction of class, but furnishes rich and poor alike with real enjoyment. For a time it is great sport to haul in bluefish at the end of a 300 foot line, but if the fish are large, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds the recruit from the city is done after his struggle with three or four great fish. Hauling aboard a big bluefish is like pushing a freight car with the shoulder. If the fish run small the city angler will find his limit at or before he has landed fifty of them and will be glad to quit, with the sensation that every bone in his body has been smashed. For hours he can scarcely raise his arms, and the aches in a person will continue for several days.—New York Sun.

Diplomatic.

An American official was once the guest of Li Hung Chang in China when there was a great demonstration in honor of the rain god. Noises strident and fearful in the ears of the foreigners came from instruments and human throats.

The keen old Chinese statesman, conscious of the effect that this was probably producing upon the American spectator, turned to him and said: "This seems strange and useless to you?"

The American, striving to be polite without too great a sacrifice of truth, made an evasive answer.

"You never pray for rain in your country?" pressed the Chinese statesman.

"Oh, yes, we do."

"And you always get it?"

"No."

"Just the same as in China," the old man remarked complacently.

Mast Trees.

In the provincial charter of 1691, under which the Plymouth colony and the province of Maine were united with Massachusetts, it was provided that all trees of the diameter of twenty-four inches and upward, twelve inches from the ground, growing upon land not heretofore granted to any private person, should be reserved to the crown for the furnishing of masts for the royal navy. A surveyor general of woods was appointed to see that this provision of the charter was carried into effect. Near the coast all white pines of suitable dimensions were marked with the "broad arrow"—three cuts through the bark with an ax, like the track of a crow. This was the king's mark. Long after the Revolution had obliterated the royal authority men who had been taught in boyhood to respect the king's mark hesitated to cut such trees.—Harper's Weekly.

"Time Was Made For Slaves."

Whistler's disregard for time was perfect. Here is an instance given by Mr. T. R. Way in his "Memories of James McNeill Whistler:" "At one of his Sunday morning breakfasts, which were so famous, a party of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in his studio with the arranged intention of making an excursion together. Whistler, however, had prepared in his own mind another entertainment and, posing one of the ladies, started a full length painting of her. After some time the other members of the party showed signs of restlessness and wanted to know when they were going to start on the expedition. Whistler expressed his displeasure, adding, 'By Jove, it's not before every one that I would paint a picture.'"

She Kept Tab.

Father—What time did that young man leave? Daughter—Just when you got home from the card party and Susan came back from her night out.—Pittsburgh Press.

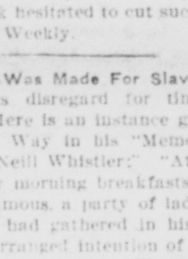
Transportation.

"How does your husband express himself when he is drunk?"

"He doesn't express himself. They send him home in a taxi."—Town Topics.

He Doesn't Have a Chance.

Mrs. Chinn—You know my husband just won't listen to good common sense talk. Mrs. Frank—How do you know?—Yonkers Statesman.



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Many people in a misguided effort to get rid of kidney backache, rely on plasters, liniments and other make shifts. The right treatment is kidney treatment and a remarkably recommended kidney medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills. Bellefonte is no exception.

The proof is at your very door. The following is an experience typical of the work of Doan's Kidney Pills in Bellefonte.

Mrs. B. N. Deitrich, 391 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy for kidney disorders and I do not hesitate one moment in confirming the public statement I gave praising them in October 1907. One of my family complained a great deal of backache and headaches and I had heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills that I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. They made a complete cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Unionville Summer School

The Unionville Summer School will open April 28 and continue six weeks. Special attention will be given teachers and those preparing for teachers' examination. Instruction will also be given to 8th grade pupils preparing for High School entrance examination. For further particulars inquire of

PROF. J. C. FOX,
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Centre County, Pa.

Larger Locomotive Headlights.

The House at Harrisburg has passed finally the bill urged by organized railroad men requiring locomotives to be equipped with headlights of sufficient candle power to distinguish a man at a distance of 800 feet. Switching and transfer engines are excepted. The bill requires all engines to be equipped by January 1, 1916.

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You can get for the money. Then see

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Work done by the hour or on Contract.

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For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER,
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We have Parcels Post Maps showing rates from Bellefonte and neighborhood, which we will send on request.

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That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

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Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 2:36 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.9	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	.....	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles		11.50	f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

E. P. Irvin, of Cherry Tree, visited in Bellefonte over Sunday.

George Stevens, of Waddle, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Liggett's chocalates will please her—Pound 80c, half pound 40c, at Green's.

J. Norman Thompson was a business visitor to Altoona on Friday, returning home on Monday.

Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Strong, of Lock Haven, were guests last week of Miss Mary Brockerhoff.

William Doak was operated on at the Bellefonte hospital several days ago for the removal of his remaining eye.

The ladies of the United Brethren church cleared $46 at their chicken and waffle supper last Friday evening.

Mrs. Julia Walsh, who had been visiting in Jersey Shore, returned on Monday to her home on East High Street.

Mrs. E S. Dorworth was in Mt. Eagle on Monday, in attendance upon the funeral of the late Samuel B. Leathers.

Miss Jennie Morgan and Miss Onmacht will today go to Philadelphia where Miss Onmacht will consult a specialist.

Uncle Joshua Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, visited in town over Monday night with his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy.

Dr. Delaun G. Stewart was a business visitor to Williamsport over Saturday and Sunday, returning home on Monday.

Mrs. Robert Fay and daughter, of Altoona, visited several days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lane.

Academy minstrels May 15 and 16, at Garman's Opera House. The program this year will be bigger and funnier than ever. Keep the dates in mind.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas are expected to return home tomorrow or Saturday from Atlantic City, where they have been for the last week or ten days.

Herbert W. Sheffer, of Milroy, was in town this week, supposedly to see how things were going along the streams he patrolled on many an opening day of trout season.

Mrs. Lamar Stevenson and daughter, Blanche Cowdrick, returned home last Saturday after a very delightful visit of two weeks with friends in Bellefonte and relatives in Coleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McCoy and two children, of Jersey Shore, and Mrs. J. Ray Hoy, of Altoona, were over Sunday guests at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCoy, on Thomas Street.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Lutheran church will hold a sale on the last Saturday of each month in the W. C. T. U. room at Petriken Hall. There will be offered for sale home-made bread, pies, cakes, aprons, etc.

Little Betty Zerby on Friday evening of last week entertained a party of young friends from five until seven o'clock, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Zerby. The occasion was her birthday anniversary.

Remember the free lecture on the "Battle of Gettysburg," to be given by Mr. George L. Kieffer, in the Auditorium of the High School, this (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Kieffer is a representative of the Chautauqua Association.

Robert Sommerville, of Winburne, has been appointed by Governor Tener, a trustee of the Cottage State hospital at Philipsburg, succeeding his father, the late James L. Sommerville, who since the erection of the institution had been a member of its board.

The marriage of William A. Magee, of Philadelphia, and Miss Leila May Huyett will be, solemnized on the evening of April 30th, at Centre Hall. A reception following the wedding ceremony will be held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huyett.

Miss Dorothy Jenkins, who enjoyed her Easter vacation here with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Jenkins, returned last week to Indiana to resume her studies at the Indiana State Normal School. She is a member of the school glee club which will shortly visit a number of towns, including State College.

"The Third Degree" as presented at Garman's Opera House on Monday night was especially pleasing. The attendance was larger than that enjoyed by most attractions, but even so there was not the turn-out such as is merited by a play of the type of "The Third Degree."

The High School Alumni Association, at a meeting on Tuesday evening, elected officers for the ensuing year and voted on the annual dance to be given the gradnating class, the date for which will be June 3rd. Edward L. Gates was re-elected president; Miss Anna Keichline treasurer and Miss Catherine Willard secretary.

James E. Waite and Miss Edith L. Corman, both of Bellefonte, were married on Thursday evening of last week by Rev. A. F. Weaver. Both are members of the United Evangelical church, of which Mr. Weaver is pastor. They have gone to housekeeping in their newly furnished home on Blanchard Street.

The Presbyterian congregation will celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper next Sunday morning. Preparatory services will be held Thursday and Friday nights. This observance of the communion is the regular quarterly communion. The one held recently was an extra. It is desired that all the members of the church attend.

The X-Ray photographs of Charley Chandler's fractured arm are especially interesting. One photograph shows how the two bones between the wrist and elbow were broken in the automobile accident near Zion a few weeks ago. In this photograph the bones are seen to overlap and one would suppose amputation would be absolutely necessary. It will be recalled that an operation was performed on the arm at the Bellefonte hospital. A steel plate, about two inches long, was screwed onto one of the broken bones, bringing the ends together so they could knit. The second photograph shows the condition of the bones after the operation was performed. Both bones are seen to be in good condition. The steel plate holding the ends of the more badly fractured bone shows up very distinctly. The attending physicians are confident that the arm will soon be as good as ever.

Fenway's Peppermints, 10c at Green's.

The Paul D. Sheffer family will move into the Orbinson property on Spring Street.

J. Will Kepler, of Pine Grove Mills, was a business visitor in town yesterday.

John M. Shugert has purchased the Flanders run-a-bout owned by Col. W. F. Reynolds.

Dainty Daisy Mason will be with "A Winning Girl" at Garman's Opera House April 24, 25 & 26.

Comer Shope, of Howard, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office several days ago.

Liggett's chocolates are preferred above all others. For sale at Green's. Pound 80c, half-pound 40c.

A. A Pletcher and Jackson Kline, two substantial citizens of Howard, were business visitors in town between trains yesterday.

John Tonner Harris, of the Bell Telephone Company, visited over Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris, and his brother, Hardman P.

Grant Hoover, the insurance man, located at Williamsport, was back in town for the opening of the trout season and succeeded in snagging a few nice ones.

Miss Frieda Baum, who had been spending some time in Kentucky, returned to Bellefonte on Saturday. On Tuesday she went up to State College to visit for a week with her brother, Morris, who is in charge of the State College store of Sim the Clothier.

Occasionally Bellefonte produces something well worth while, but nothing thus far more imposing than Jacob Knisely as he appears in his new policeman's uniform. Officer Knisely made his initial appearance with brass buttons on Monday.

The annual sermon to the I. O. O. F., of Bellefonte will be preached by Rev. C. W. Winey in the United Brethren church on Sunday morning, next. The subject will be, "Three Links of Odd Fellowship." The members of the lodge are requested to assemble at the hall at 9.30 to march to the church in a body.

The "Star Course" number at the Y. M. C. A. scheduled for April 18th has been cancelled. The next number will be April 25th., at which time Dr. Charles E. Barker, at Washington, D. C., will lecture on "Physical Efficiency." Dr. Barker is a noted physician. During President Taft's term at Washington he was the President's physician.

Edward Bush, of Connecticut, delivered a lecture to the students at The Pennsylvania State College on Friday evening of last week. On Saturday he came to Bellefonte and was a guest over the week-end at the Mrs. Louisa T. Bush home. Mr. Bush is president of the Penn State alumni and takes an active interest in the welfare of the college.

Mrs. A. O. Furst and Miss Helen E. C. Overton departed on Saturday of last week for Washington, D. C., for the annual convention of the D. A. R. Mrs. Cumings, regent of the Pennsylvania Chapter, was unable to go to Washington owing to illness, and her absence naturally increased the duties and responsibilities of Miss Overton, the vice regent.

The Bellefonte Academy and Dickinson College baseball clubs will clash on Friday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, on Hughes field, and the game will be one of the best of the season. Dickinson College is stopping over here enroute to State College, where the team plays on Saturday. The visitors expect to win, but Symes will be in the box for the Academy and Dickinson will have to hustle to land a victory. The Academy boys have been practicing hard for the game and way down in their boots they expect to win.

William E. Tate, of near Centre Hall, was in town attending to a little business last Saturday. He was stepping out of the Potter-Hoy hardware store when he had the misfortune to close the door on one of his fingers. The mishap caused quite a little blood to escape and some of Mr. Tate's friends at first thought his hand had been badly injured. The old veteran treated the incident as of no account and didn't so much as bother to the extent of looking up a physician.

A wedding of interest to many Bellefonte friends of the bride-to-be, who formerly resided here, will be solemnized on Tuesday, April 22, at Canton, Ohio. The contracting parties will be Miss Margaret Cassidy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Cassidy, and Mr. Park Paxson, also of Canton. Miss Cassidy is a sister of William C. Cassidy, of Bellefonte. Mr. Paxson is in the railroad service, having been engaged in the offices at Canton for thirty years.

D. I. Willard, the gents' furnishing man on High Street, some time ago concluded that he would get an early start on the opening day of trout season and catch a basket of fish for distribution among his patrons. Whether he got "cold feet" on the project or not, we are unable to say. However, instead of giving away trout he has been presenting patrons with especially fine clothes brushes, which explain that he is in business and appreciates all the business that comes his way.

The Study Class of the Woman's Club will meet on Monday evening, April 21, at 8 o'clock in the High School. The subject "The Tariff," certainly a very important one at the present time, will be ably discussed by Dr. H. F. Whiting, of the High School faculty, and by H. Laird Curtin. Dr. Whiting will tell of the "History of the Tariff," "Tariff for Revenue," and "Free Trade"; Mr. Curtin, of "Tariff, its History and Relation to Trade." It is hoped that many, by attendance and by discussion, will add to the interest and the profit of the evening.

Boyd Cowher is this week finishing up some extra work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which he ably represented in this district for quite a while. He recently removed his family to Williamsport, expecting to go to work at once for the Williamsport Lumber Company. The day before he was to start in with his new position the Renovo agent for the Metropolitan committed suicide. The company needed a man to take charge at once and Mr. Cowher was the only available man in sight. The Metropolitan arranged with the Williamsport Lumber Company to have him take up the insurance work for twenty days. This period has about expired and Mr. Cowher will next week enter upon his new duties with the Williamsport Lumber Company.

Martin H. Mackey Dead.

Martin H. Mackey, vice president of the Altoona Union bank, ex-county commissioner of Blair County, ex-contractor and one of Altoona's most substantial citizens, died at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning of last week of diseases incident to old age. He had been in poor health for some months, gradually declining under the weight of advancing years, but his condition became alarming only on Monday when he took his bed and sank rapidly, the end coming at the hour stated above.

Martin H. Mackey was the son of John and Anna Mackey, deceased, and was born on March 17, 1832. His paternal grandparents were early settlers in Path Valley, Franklin county, and his father early in life emigrated to Centre County where he followed the carpenter trade. The deceased was born at Milesburg, was schooled there and later learned the carpenter's trade. This he followed until August, 1862, when he answered the call of his country, and went to the front in the Civil war, enlisting as a sergeant in company F, 148 Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He served to the close of the war, participated in all the battles in which his regiment took part and was honorably discharged with the rank of sergeant. He returned to his native town and again took up the business of carpentering and contracting. In 1872 he became a citizen of Altoona and engaged in the contracting business with success. The Altoona "Tribune" says that he was for some years identified in the business with J. T. Booth, now deceased but after the firm dissolved conducted a business himself for a number of years, operating a planing mill. On a couple of occasions he suffered loss by the destruction of the mill by fire but rebuilt and continued business. Some fifteen years ago he established the Altoona Burial Case Company and this was conducted for some time until he disposed of the mill property to the Altoona Market Company, which has since occupied the building. He was president of the market company, which he assisted in organizing. He was vice president of the Union bank, an institution he assisted in creating in 1884, and had since held that office. He was also president of the People's Building and Loan Association, had held the office for twenty-five years and during that time had never missed a meeting until during the past year when illness prevented him from being in attendance.

Mr. Mackey politically was a Republican and he served the city and county in an official capacity. He was a member of the first board of water commissioners, organized in 1885, and served for one year when he resigned. He was a member of the school board in 1891 and 1892 and served as county commissioner from 1899 to 1904. He was widely known in that city and throughout the county, was esteemed and respected by those who shared his acquaintance and was a substantial citizen. He was a member of the Eighth Avenue Methodist Episcopal church and of Fred C. Ward Post No. 468, Grand Army of the Republic, being one of its organizers and charter members. He was married on October 6, 1857, to Miss Sarah Swanger, of Mifflin county, who survives with these children: John A., of East Bellview, Allegheny county; Leroy B., Willis E., and Edith, wife of Frank A. Goodfellow, of Altoona, and Maud M., wife of W. T. Taylor, of Tyrone. He is survived by one brother, William I. Mackey, of Altoona, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Malone, of Fruitville, Cal. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon. Interment was made in the Fairview cemetery.

Charles W. Miller Dead.

Charles W. Miller, for many years a well known resident of Bellefonte, died rather suddenly at the Canton House, at Canton, Pa., early Monday morning, last. He was slightly ill on Sunday, remaining in bed all day, but no one at the hotel considered his condition at all serious. When he failed to appear for breakfast his room was visited. There he was found dead. His remains were brought to Bellefonte for interment. Services were held from the late home on Willow Bank Street at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, conducted by Rev. C. C. Shuey. Burial was made in the Union cemetery.

Mr. Miller was 55 years old. He was an expert cigar maker and for 28 years was in the employ of the late A. J. Cruse, in Bellefonte. He had many fine traits and was well and favorably known in this community. About two years ago he went away to work at his trade and during the last year or more he was located at Canton. Surviving to mourn his passing away are a widow, who before her marriage was Miss Sarah Hoover, and these children: John Miller, Mrs. Jacob Gordon, Samuel and Sarah Miller, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. George Eckley, of Altoona. Other surviving relatives in attendance at the funeral were a brother, Edward E. Miller, of Dunbar, and his son and daughter, James and Carrie; two sisters, Mrs. Kate James, of Altoona, and Mrs. Carrie Nash, of Tyrone; another brother, Alonzo Miller, of Tyrone; a nephew, Harry Miller and his wife, of Tyrone, and a niece, Mrs. Carrie Kuntzman, of Altoona.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Charles T. Hevner Dead

Charles T. Hevner, of Beech Creek, died early Sunday morning, last, in the Lock Haven hospital from paralysis. He had been ill four months. Deceased was aged 46 years and is survived by a widow and several children. Surviving also are his mother, Mrs. Mary Hevner, of Lock Haven; also by these brothers and sisters: Thomas, of Galeton; Jackson, of Renovo; Howard, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Hattie S. Wilt, of Altoona; Mrs. Anna Smithers and Miss Rose Hevner, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Mildred Longley, of Philadelphia. Interment was made yesterday at Blanchard.

John C. Lingle Dead.

John C. Lingle, one of Gregg township's aged citizen, died on Monday of last week. He was aged 79 years. During the Civil war he served as a member of Company A, 148th Regiment, Penna. Vols. Surviving him are a widow and these children: Jonathan, of Gregg township; William, of Burnham; Mrs. Lydia Oxenrider, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, and Mrs. Louisa Confer, of Renovo. Funeral services were held on Thursday morning. Interment was made in the Mountain cemetery.

David B. Meyer Dead.

David B. Meyer died at his late home in Miles township on Thursday, April 3, aged 85 years, 6 months and 18 days. He was a brother of Mrs. Judith Bierly, of Rebersburg, Daniel Meyer, of Dakota Illinois, and Henry, of Rebersburg. A widow and one son also survive. For a number of years the deceased resided in Marion township, but the greater part of his live was spent on the old Meyer homestead in Miles township.

Daniel M. Stover Dead.

Daniel M. Stover died at his late home at Woodward on Wednesday morning of last week, aged 74 years. Funeral services were held on Saturday, conducted by Rev. W. J. Dice. Interment was made in the Union cemetery at Woodward. Surviving the deceased are a widow and these children: Mrs. Samuel Mowery, of Wolf's Store; J. E. Stover, of DuBois; Calvin Stover, of West Virginia, and Miles and Alma, at home.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week: Mrs. John L. Aurand, H. E. Boring & Bros., Miss Mary Bowman, C. J. Campbell, Elsie Gross, Toner Hastings, Mrs. Harriett Kline, R. E. Long, Mrs. W. H. Seamon, E. E. Sheldon, Mrs. Seward M. Ward.

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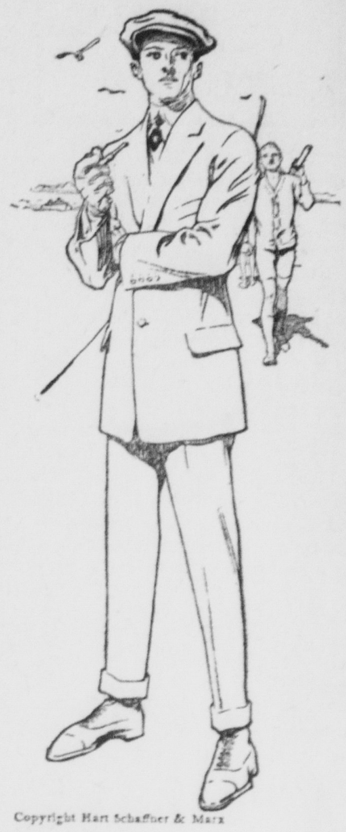

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